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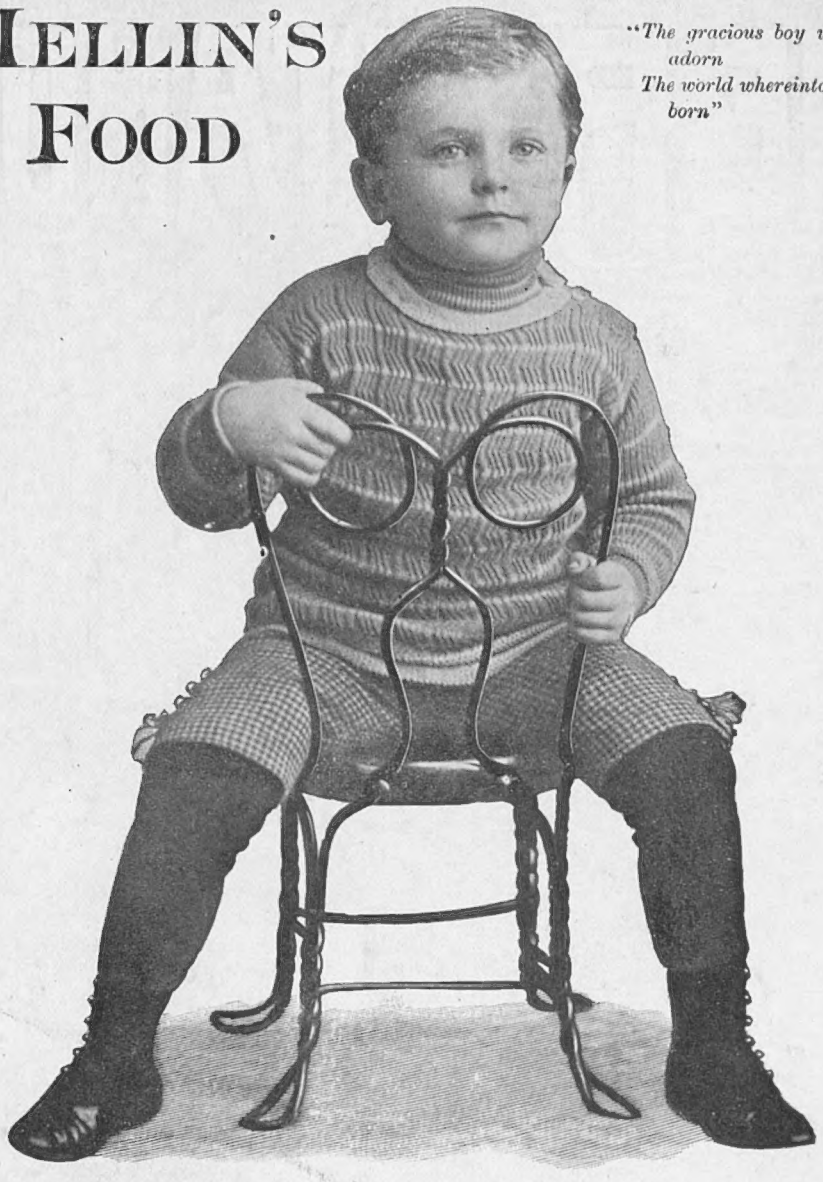

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The Bystander,
March 30, 1904

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Photo by] [*Falk Studios*

Miss Madge Titheradge

One of London's most Promising Young Actresses

No. 17.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

March 30, 1904

It is not often, in this very practical and prosaic age, that we get a genuine instance of the romantic. The papers for the last few days have contained reports of the alleged discovery of part of the enormous treasure of the Inca Atahualpa, and since a search syndicate was formed by some enterprising English and Americans not long ago, it is very possible the story is true.

In the history of the world there is nothing more dramatic than the story of the latter days of the last of the Peruvian Incas. The dust of centuries has tended to throw a kind of glamour on the deeds of Pizarro and his army of cut-throats and unscrupulous adventurers. Yet in a way—unprincipled and fanatical as they were—their deeds rank high among the achievements of mankind. Brave—nay, almost heroic—was their conduct when they faced the unknown dangers which threatened them at every step in their immortal march across the Andes to Cuzco, then the capital of an empire which proudly dominated almost every part of the huge South American Peninsula. They saw before them a rich and fertile country, a civilised and well-armed people, and they heard reports of a monarch—poetically named by his subjects "The Child of the Sun"—whose power was so great that he was believed to have a semi-divine origin. A word from this monarch, the most absolute the history of the world has ever given us, and the little wasted band of adventurers would have left their bones upon the fastnesses of the nearly inaccessible Andes heights, to be picked clean by the ferocious vultures which hovered ominously overhead during their arduous march.

Again and again, notwithstanding the wise precautions of Francis Pizarro, who, by the way, has not received that position among the immortals which his genius deserves, they were at the absolute mercy of the Inca, who, report told them, was a man of cold-blooded and murderous disposition, and who was merely going to gratify his curiosity by setting eyes on the wonderful white men of whom he had heard so much, and then consign them to his executioners. Time and again the Spaniards could have been taken in ambuscade and killed to a man; it would have been the simplest task, as they painfully picked their way over the narrow mountain paths bordering vast abysses, to roll stones on their heads and exterminate them. Indeed, it was their weakness, their very insignificance in the Emperor's eyes, that saved them. Yet, knowing all this, the Spaniards never flinched.

To my mind the Conquest of Peru proves effectually the superiority of fact over imagination. The Legends of the Holy Grail or the old Greek stories of heroism cannot compare in deeds of absolute fearlessness with the courage of Pizarro and his little band of followers in search of the legendary El Dorado. Of course the story is very sordid, and had the historian been other than the beautiful word-painter, Prescott, it would read as the cruellest brief against the "civilisation" of the savage at the hands of an enlightened nation Yet, with Prescott as our guide, we cannot help feeling the pride of a white race, which, in spite of almost insurmountable odds, triumphed so signally over the dusky warriors.

We learn that, as the army of Pizarro at length emerged in sight of the enormous city of Cuzco, their hearts sank as they beheld the enormous phalanx of fighting men gathered near at hand. Their tents seemed to stretch out of sight, while their banners floated in countless numbers upon the breeze. Yet, within the space of a few short hours, the glory of the Inca had passed for ever. He was in their power, a closely-guarded prisoner. Add to this that the Inca was undoubtedly a man of nerve and resource, and there is little wonder the Spaniards invoked their patron saint of battles and in a solemn High Mass declared that God had been on their side.

Yet their very cupidity defeated their own ends! With Atahualpa a prisoner in their hands, but so reverenced by his people that even the greatest noble would only enter his presence trembling with fear and bearing on his back a pack as a symbol of servility, the entire riches of Peru, like ripe fruit, only waited to be plucked. In a conversation with his conqueror, the Inca promised to fill the huge room wherein he stood with solid ingots of gold, as high as he could reach. The treacherous always fear treachery, and Pizarro was induced to believe that the Inca was merely giving a pretext to gain time and bring his people to his rescue. And thus, after scenes which bring a blush to the cheek of every Christian, Atahualpa was executed, and with him the hope that the enormous treasures of Peru would be voluntarily delivered up to the white men.

And it is part of these treasures, estimated to reach fabulous amounts, of which the telegraph wire reports the discovery. We read the news in a modern halfpenny daily newspaper. What a strange medley of romance and realism! The only reflection one has to offer is, that, though since the days of Pizarro the ideals of man have moved steadily upward, the lust for gold continues its course, perhaps the only consistent ideal that mankind has.

The Bystander in Parliament

Mr. Balfour once uttered a luminous truth which ought to be inscribed in letters of gold over the portals of Parliament—"Holidays should begin early and should last long." Our party system of government makes it impossible for any Prime Minister to receive the unanimous eulogy of his fellow-citizens, but many who differ from Mr. Balfour in pure politics—if politics can be pure—raise their hats to him as the creator of the Parliamentary week-end. This alone should cover a multitude of sins, and ensure the right hon. gentleman a lasting renown.

The other day some member suggested that the House should be allowed to revert to its old customs, which included a late sitting on Friday, but the Prime Minister declined to become a backslider. I remember hearing Mr. Balfour defend his week-end proposal when it was first suggested, and his words are now before me:

> There is an immense change in the habits of the people with regard to "week-ends," of which the echo is felt, and must and ought to be felt, in this House. I am told that on all hands, in all industries and in all classes throughout the whole community, the enormous increase of the facilities of locomotion have made a change in the habits of the people that it would be folly of this House to ignore.

That is a wise and humane utterance; indeed, it seems to me that the House should set an example to the rest of the community in this matter.

When this benevolent thought was first put into beneficent practice, I wrote a few lines on the effect of the new departure. Like some other poets I failed to reach the public, but now at last my chance has come, and I lay these lines with infinite respect at the feet of the Prime Minister:

A HAPPY RELEASE

I.

When the week is approaching its close
Away scoot the Ayes and the Noes,
Right hon'rable friends and the same sort of foes,
The Jesses, the Arthurs, the Geralds, and Joes
  Take a hop, skip and jump down the floor.
Forgetting their musty old Bills
And all Parliamentary ills,
The Clerks at the table abandon their quills,
And join in the chorus of tra-las and trills
  As they scamper like mad to the door.

CHORUS: To the door! To the door!
  Like blazes they make for the door!

II.

Says Arthur, addressing the Chair,
"I will venture at once to declare
'Ere I join like a child in the fun of the fair,
That all worthy members should instantly pair
  And ram on their hats and be off.
The man in the street likes a spree,
And so I imagine do we;
Why stick in this hole when the loud laughing sea
Invites us to music, to shrimps and to tea,
  To skittles, to winkles and golf?"

CHORUS: Here's to golf! Here's to golf!
  And to golf I am off like a toff!

These verses, I humbly submit, faithfully reflect the sentiment of a large working majority of the House.

There are some members of Parliament—and may heaven bless them—who do nothing. I once knew a public man who told me confidentially that his life was passed in this way: "In the Session I do nothing, and in the Recess I do absolutely nothing." That man was a good man, and he, with a few others, may be described as the salt of the House. They give no one any trouble, they do not worry the Clerks at the table by handing in questions, they do not bore the Speaker and afflict the Press with speeches. Indeed I salute them as distinguished ornaments of Our Dumb Friends' League.

But there are others who have developed an unholy passion for seeing their names in print. I could mention some of them, but by doing so I should be ministering to this debased appetite. These are the men who put questions, who give notice that on an early date they will call attention to the solar system and will move a resolution, who submit amendments, and amendments to amendments, who suggest that in sub-section so-and-so this "be left out," while that "stand part," and the other "be there inserted." These evil habits grow on men, and I can imagine that there are some members who would rather pursue this dreadful trade than enjoy the reasonable delights of the week-end.

Such men are hopeless—and I would have them chased from the precincts each Friday and forced to play at something—golf, marbles, skittles, hop-scotch, or the skipping-rope. It is pleasant to know that the majority of members need no such compulsion. They value the opportunity of getting away, and this very fact may be made to serve the public interest. Let me acknowledge with cheerful readiness that the members of our Parliament behave themselves better than those of other similar assemblies abroad—but there are occasional lapses from decorum even at Westminster, and there are bores who have too much to say. Let the Speaker have power to stop these gentlemen's week-end holiday, and it strikes me that a marked improvement would ensue.

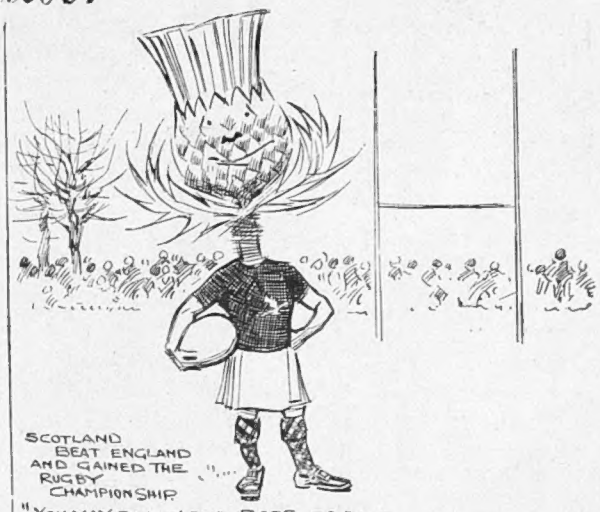
There is an idea here for Sir Carne Rasch. He should see that members who break his excellent rule of limiting speeches to ten minutes should be forced to spend Saturday in one of the Committee Rooms reading Blue Books aloud. Again, gentlemen who have persisted in putting irrelevant supplementary questions, in spite of the Speaker's rebukes, should be compelled to be on the premises during some hours on Saturday, making themselves generally useful—polishing the mace, sweeping, dusting, and so forth. In this way, by associating the week-end with the idea of rewards and punishments, it would be firmly established as one of our old institutions.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

THE AFTER-LUNCH COFFEE AND CIGAR THREATENS TO UPSET THE GOVERNMENT.

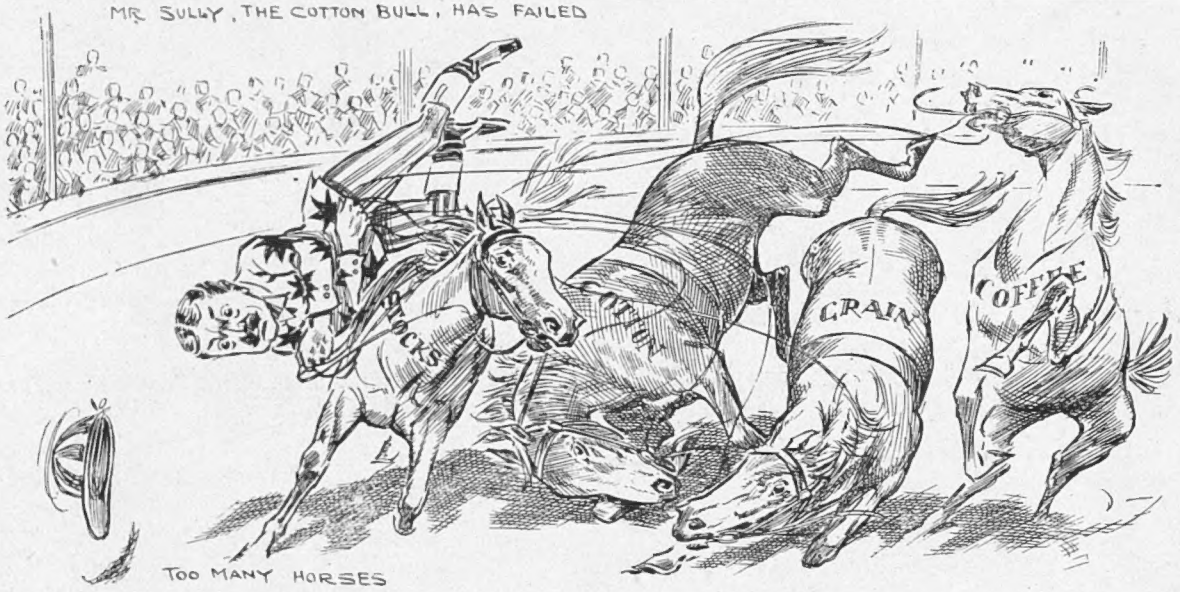
"MY DEAR FELLOW I'M VERY SORRY BUT THIS IS A PARTICULARLY GOOD ONE."



SCOTLAND BEAT ENGLAND AND GAINED THE RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP.

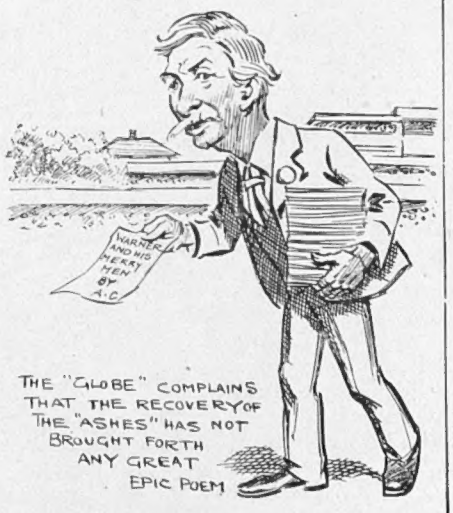
"YOU MAY SIT ON THE ROSE SO FAIR
YOU MAY TWINE THE SHAMROCK IN YOUR HAIR
YOU MAY EVEN EAT THE LEEK SO RARE
BUT YOU CANT SIT ON THE THISTLE"

MR. SULLY, THE COTTON BULL, HAS FAILED



TOO MANY HORSES

POET CRAIG "WELL! I LIKE THAT!"



THE "GLOBE" COMPLAINS THAT THE RECOVERY OF THE "ASHES" HAS NOT BROUGHT FORTH ANY GREAT EPIC POEM

AN EXPENSIVE SUPPER

THE WIFE OF A MARKET GARDENER, THINKING TO PLEASE HER HUSBAND, BAKED SOME POTATOES FOR WHICH HE HAD PAID £2-10 EACH.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

A Chinaman upon the War

All Paris is being greatly interested by the lectures of His Excellency the Mandarin Ly-Chao-Pee, ex-Captain of the Chinese Navy, and formerly interpreter at the Chinese Legation in Paris. Since the beginning of the war, Ly-Chao-Pee has been giving a series of most interesting *conférences*, as the French call them, upon the real Japan, and, coming from an Oriental who has lived for many years both in Japan and Europe his pronouncement that the Japanese are the Englishmen of the East is most instructive. Ly-Chao-Pee, although robust, save for a trembling of the head which made him very difficult to photograph, is very nearly eighty years of age, but lectures with a *verve* and *entrain* that many younger men might envy. His French is absolutely perfect, and not only the lecture, but the lecturer has achieved a triumph upon each occasion that he faced his public. As he conducted us down to the gate of his pretty garden, and smilingly posed on the steps for one last photograph, Ly-Chao-Pee expressed his feeling that the struggle would be long and hardly fought. "I do not love the Japanese," he said, "but, knowing them, I know that they will never know when they are beaten. And so, farewell to you." Our first photograph, taken in the lecture-room, shows His Excellency as he appeared to his audience, while the second photograph admirably depicts the cheerfulness and vivacity of this distinguished Chinaman.

Sir Claude Macdonald

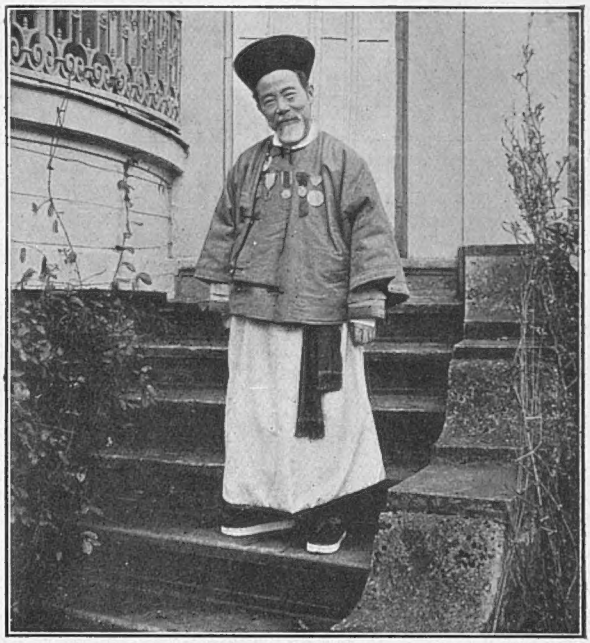
The diplomatist who is watching just now over British interests at Tokio is a man with experience of the politics of the Far East. Sir Claude Macdonald, K.C.B., was for four years our Minister at Peking, as most people will recollect, before he was transferred to Japan in 1900, and the siege of the foreign legations in the Boxer rising is one of his recollections. He has seen service as a representative of the Crown in Cairo, at Zanzibar, in the Niger Territories, and in what used to be the Oil Rivers, and is now the Niger Coast Protectorate. Before this he was in the 74th Highlanders, and saw a good deal of Egyptian service, recognised by the brevet of Major, a medal with three clasps, the Khedive's Star, and the Fourth Class of the Osmanieh.

An English Official in Siam

Mr. C. J. Rivett-Carnac, who is at present on a visit to England, is one of the great army of Englishmen who are engaged in the service of foreign governments, assisting in the work of bringing backward nations into line with their more powerful neighbours. Mr.

Photos by

"And that small fish, the Japanese, has fearlessly attacked the huge and unwieldy whale—Russia I mean"



Raphael

"And so, farewell"

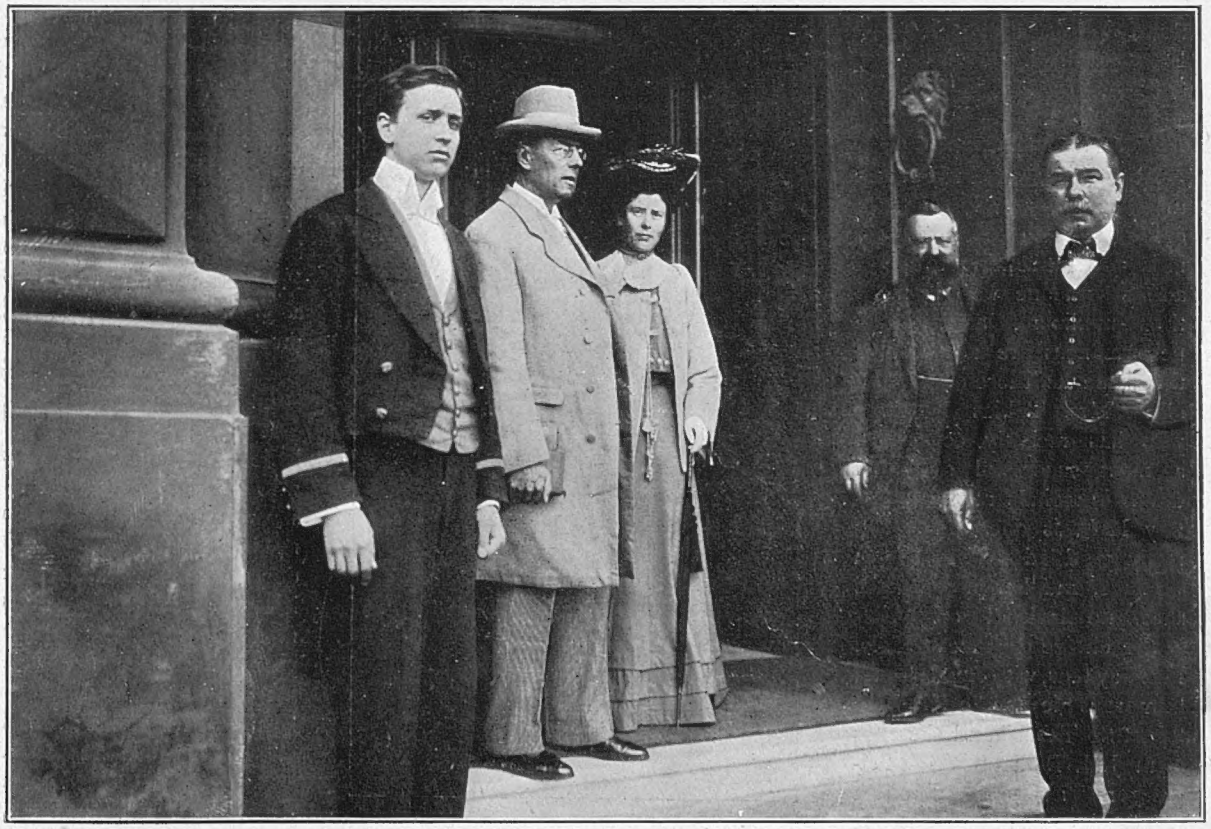
His Excellency the Mandarin Ly-Chao-Pee, who is Lecturing in Paris on the Russo-Japanese War

Col. Sir Claude Macdonald, K.C.B.
British Minister in Tokio

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. C. J. Rivett-Carnac
Financial adviser to the King of Siam

Rivett-Carnac's special sphere of activity in Siam, and the announcement of the understanding which has recently been arrived at with France over the Siamese question, adds additional interest to his personality. He is about fifty years of age and was educated at Rugby. He entered public life in the Indian Financial Department, and in 1897 became Accountant General and Commissioner of Paper Currency in



Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain at Naples

This photograph was taken on the steps of the Royal Hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were about to start on a sight-seeing expedition in the town

Photo by *Beresford*

Mrs. Tobias Matthay

A prominent lady reciter

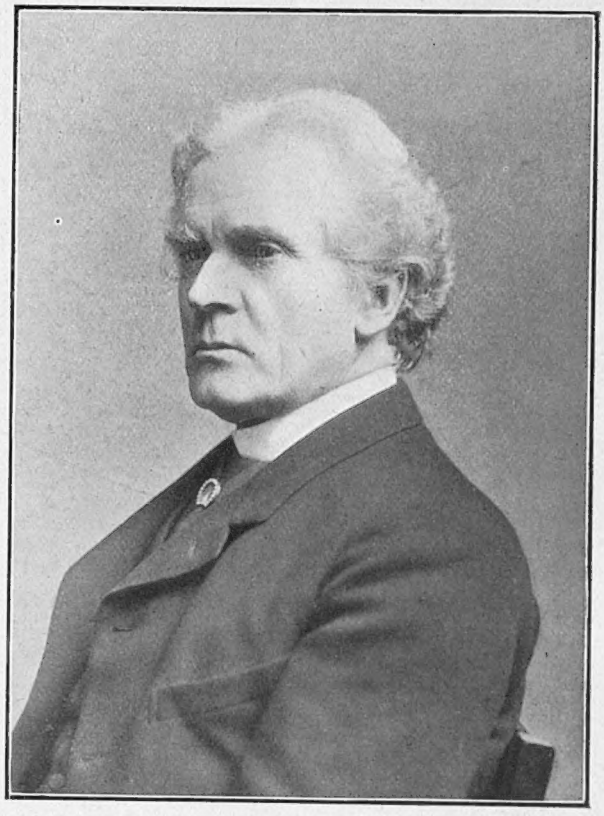


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Hermann Vezin

The well-known actor and teacher of elocution

Burmah. In the following year the British Government placed his services at the disposal of the King of Siam, and since that date he has occupied the position of Financial Adviser to the King of Siam.

Mrs. Tobias Matthay

At a time when nearly everything and everybody are more or less mediocre and unoriginal, it is quite refreshing to come across someone who is more than mediocre, and whose performances are not exactly the same as those of anyone else. Mrs. Tobias Matthay, who has recently completed a most successful series of dramatic recitals at the Steinway Hall, is one of the few really good lady reciters whom we have, and her programmes show no lack of originality in the choice of pieces. Mrs. Matthay tells, with equal charm, humorous pieces like Kipling's "Just So Tales" and sketches from J. J. Bell's "Wee Macgreegor," as she does a pathetic and mournful ballad of the Scots' undying devotion for "bonnie Prince Charlie." Mrs. Matthay owes, doubtless, a great part of her skill to her environment. She has always lived in an artistic and musical atmosphere, as her father was the late David Kennedy, the celebrated exponent of Scottish song and verse in all parts of the world. Her husband, a well-known professor at the Royal Academy of Music, has just brought out an important book on Pianoforte Tone-Production, which has excited a great deal of interest in musical circles.

Photo by *Crib*

Sir Donald Currie

The "Grand Old Man" of the shipping trade, who has just given £100,000 to London University

Mr. Hermann Vezin

One finds it difficult to believe that Hermann Vezin, who recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, was really born in Philadelphia, his nationality betrays itself so little in speech or manner. It is a great many years now since the veteran actor first crossed the Atlantic, and made the acquaintance of Charles Kean, who gave him a subordinate place in his theatre. In those early and humble days, he often came across

Mrs. Nisbet, who could never recollect his name, but called him as a distinction "the punctual man." It is, perhaps, not generally known that Vezin once took the place of Sir Henry Irving for eight days as Macbeth, when the latter's voice failed him through a severe cold. Each night the great actor sat in the front row, watching with much attention the performance of his substitute, declaring that it was the first time he had ever seen the play acted. Vezin's marvellous constitution is a matter of wonder and admiration; there are not many men who could celebrate their seventy-first birthday as he did by playing three trying Shakespearean parts in the memorial week at Stratford-on-Avon.

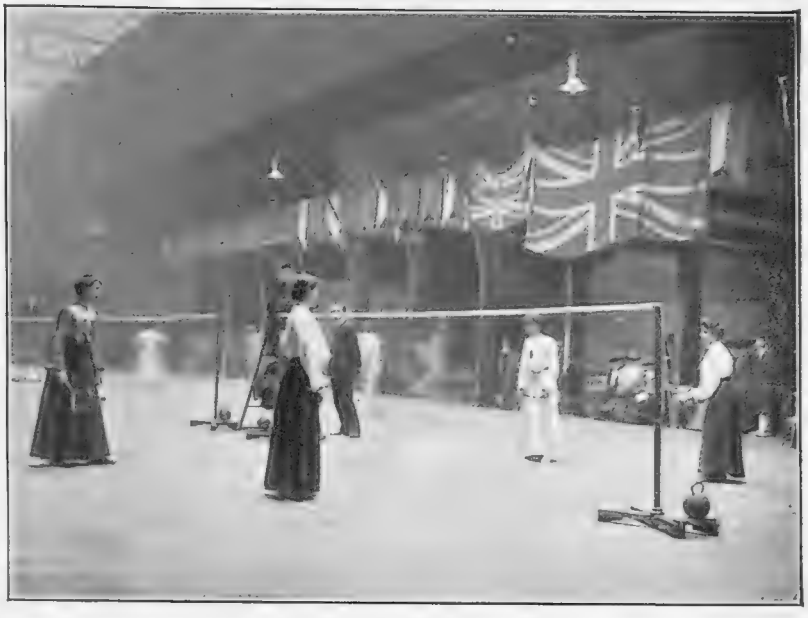


Photo by **The Badminton Association Tournament** [*I. Marks*

The photograph represents the first round of the Ladies' Doubles, in which Miss E. Thomson and Miss M. Lucas, the present holders, met Miss D. K. Douglas and Miss M. C. Hardy, the late holders

Sir Donald Currie

The magnificent gift of £100,000 to London University has placed Sir Donald Currie among the greatest public benefactors of his time. Such donations are almost commonplace in America: here they are rare indeed. Sir Donald, who is seventy-eight years old, is still head of the firm of Donald Currie and Co., the owners of the Castle liners. He retired from Parliament, in which he had sat for twenty years as a Liberal, and subsequently Unionist, member for Perthshire and West Perthshire in succession, in 1900. Sir Donald has performed important services to the Empire in South Africa; notably in the matter of the Diamond Fields' dispute, which he settled, and the boundary of which used to be the Orange Free State. He was a personal friend of Gladstone, and on several occasions took him for ocean trips for the benefit of his health. Sir Donald, who was already one of the grand figures of the commercial world, now takes an even more eminent place.

Photo by **St. Patrick's Day at Aldershot** [*Gale and Polden*

Colonel Vesey Dawson distributing shamrock to officers commanding companies

Made in Germany

The wearisome Fiscal business seems to have had one good effect. Britons are beginning really to act upon the poster adage, "Support Home Industries," and this feeling seems to be spreading, slowly, to the theatres. It is very pleasing that London should be cosmopolitan and welcome Bernhardt, Duse, and the German players, even as foreign countries welcome Irving, but we can produce inane musical comedies and inferior dramas very freely in England, without the aid of America or Germany. George Alexander has boldly murdered his German play, complete with furniture all made in Germany, after four days' life: and its failure was probably due more to Press sneers at the "German theatre in St. James's" than most people fancy. One admires the manager's pluck in stopping the play: one would admire his judgment more if he had never started it. Here is success to his forthcoming English comedy! It is called, I hear, *Saturday to Monday*; at another theatre we already have the *Sunday*.

Bravo, G.P.O.!

The G.P.O. is to be congratulated on its new books of stamps, with Postal Information on the covers. Stamps have always been the worst thing possible to carry in one's pocket—(I except fly-papers)—and these neat little books slip nicely into a waistcoat. We must have our grumbles: and already I meet, spoken and printed, complaints that the books of twenty-four stamps should cost two shillings plus one halfpenny. It is an inferior grumble. After all, the G.P.O. is not a philanthropic body. To expect altruism in a public office is more fatuous than to look for a conscience in a corporation.

Black Dominoes

The dailies declare that dominoes, long enthroned as a lunch-time relaxation in the City *cafés*, are marching Westwards and expelling bridge from clubland. The West End must be careful: this is an insidious game. Even stolid Chinamen can be raised to bloodshed over it, as witness a police report last week, strongly reminiscent of Bret Harte. Go Hing, of a Liverpudlian laundry, had lost enough money, and refused to play. Ping Pang, "with a smile that was child-like and bland," drew out a revolver and "went for that Heathen Chinee," Go Hing, whom "the subsequent proceedings interested no more." If the game so affected the stony-faced Ping Pang, what will be its influence on us poor, "brain-fagged" Britons?

Un-Hardy Britons

A prominent speaker is reported as having said, last week, that this is "a period of transition." I had hoped the tag was dead. It is neither new nor beautiful: and *most* periods are periods of transition. But if we are to use it, one novel sign of transition has been obvious these last few days. Are we growing less hardy? Has the weather broken us? Why, in the five or six unbroken days of spring, did all London load itself with heavy overcoats? Is this a period of transition in Britain's life from hardness to effeminacy?

Serendipity

The explanation of serendipity in last week's BYSTANDER at once made good for a club argument. One member raised a new difficulty by declaring that a main street in the Far West holds, at its very end, a tiny shop, selling prints, pottery, and *bric-à-brac* both new and old, and bearing a title-board, "The Serendipity Shop." On "J. A. H.'s" theory, this would seem to mean a shop at which people bought "things for which they were not in quest"! By a serendip walk I have found the shop to be existent. Who can suggest a more gallant explanation of its title?

A Fearful Pleasure

There may well be some disappointment, now that Sir Hiram Maxim has announced the long-awaited invention, which military experts hoped would be of such great use in war. It is merely a kind of aerial merry-go-round, made to revolve at fifty miles an hour, and holding its passengers safe by gravity—so long, that is, as the ropes hold good. Still, it is a means to better things. Each passenger who pays, say, his sixpence for a ride will be helping the inventor's larger schemes. Most people, I fancy, would be glad to pay a shilling—and not ride!

The Unruly Commons

Idealists, who like to contrast the excited Reichstag and the placid House of Commons, must find their conception rather strained by a scene like that in the Vote of Censure sitting. The cheers and counter-cheers, cries of "Divide!" howls, frequent protests by the Speaker, and references to "vulgar clamour," are a trifle hard to reconcile with such a contrast. But that is the way of Idealism; its devotees, in return for their psychical joys, must expect some physical impediments. D. C.

THE FIRST OF APRIL

Old Gentleman: "Excuse me, sir—total stranger—er—sure you'd like to know it—fact is, sir, your hat's bashed in"

Young Gentleman (one of the cute ones): "Don't you think you are rather elderly to indulge in this sort of thing?"

A Disappearing Devonshire Village

The fishing village of Hallsands, about a mile from Start Point on the east side, is being gradually undermined by the sea. Some time ago dredging operations were carried out to obtain shingle for concrete, and it seems that the bank from which this was taken formed a natural breakwater. The village itself is close to the sea, and the unfortunate fishermen (in many cases the owners of the cottages) are being gradually driven out. A steep cliff rises at the back, which prevents any further building on the old level. The matter is arousing much interest in Devonshire, and a fund has been started with a view to purchasing land on the top of the cliff as a site for a new village. The last inroad made by the sea cut through the one street, and the photographs show the wooden bridge, now the only means of communication between the two parts.

The Inn: One of the Last Houses to be Abandoned; the Floor of the Room, Inside the Door, on the Left, is Covered with Shingle and Big Stones; Start Point in Distance

General View: Showing Chasm in the Street

Wooden Bridge: Now the Only Means of Communication

Houses Facing this Bridge and Undermined by the Sea

FROM ABROAD.

Taormina, in Sicily

A snow-capped mountain, clear cut against the blue sky, a great puff of white steam issuing from the peak to remind us of the fires hidden within, vine-clad slopes, olive and almond, and orange and cactus, and blue, blue sea beating against the rocks in white foam or softly lapping against the shore with a touch as light as that of a falling leaf, and a quaint old town and still quainter villages, where history was made in the days when the world was young, where can we find all this but in Sicily, and where in Sicily but in Taormina, which is so rapidly becoming a health resort for the English and Germans? As yet, though, it is unspoilt, and one may see the peasants much as they were a hundred years ago. As likely as not they have not changed for a thousand years. The Sicilian cart, with its painted sides and gorgeously worked harness, is still to be seen in the streets, toiling up and down the steep roadway that leads to the sea, and the peasants in the

Palm Sunday in Rome
Two views of the scene on the steps of St. Peter's

A Spring Resort: Ouchy
Lausanne, of which beautiful Ouchy is the port on the Lake of Geneva, contains more English people all the year round than any other place in Switzerland

View from the Slopes at the Base of the Tow of Taormina

The volcano seen in the distance is Mount Etna

Photos by *Knowles*

A Sicilian Cart, with Painted Sides and Gorgeously Worked Harness

The pictures on the carts often depict scenes from the lives of the saints

VIEWS IN SICILY

little villages around still have great market gatherings here. The town itself lies on two plateaux, joined by a narrow neck of land, and below, in former times, was steep, inaccessible rock between the walled town and the sea. Now, when the sea brings no dangers, a wide road has been made up these slopes, and villas, and gardens full of roses and geraniums, and graceful, tall cypress trees make them pleasant to look upon. All but one of the hotels are within the walls, and the town itself is closely built. There is a fairly wide, paved Corso, leading from the Messina Gate to the Catania Gate, and one may still see there trecento windows and doorways alternating with hideous modern ones. The principal antiquity is the Greek Theatre, still wonderful, even in its ruin. Think of a theatre that had for its scenery vine-clad hill slopes, blue sea, and snow-capped volcano. All this is background for the stage in the Taormina Theatre and the amphitheatre, only instead of the Greek men coming to see the play, there come the English tourists to sit and look at the beautiful panorama spread before them. After the Greeks came the Romans, the Saracens, and all have left their traces. The Saracens stayed till the Normans drove them out, and all over the place are Saracenic remains. The ruins of a fortified castle dominate the town; it is deserted now, but the ancient walls still look down on the lazy, indolent, easy-going life of the town it once guarded, and the blue sea more than 600 feet below.

The Corso Between the Messina and Catania Gates

Photos by *Knowles*

Ruins of the Greek Theatre at Taormina, Sicily, where Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain have been Visiting

THE VALENTINE RACE MEETING AT MALTA

THE GREAT RACE OF THE YEAR

The Course: Finish of the Race for the Fleet Cup

The Grand Stand and Enclosure

The Paddock: Saddling-up Before the Race for the Fleet Cup

The Palace of Varied Industries

The Palace of Transportation

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS

The Palace of Manufactures

The Palace of Liberal Arts

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS

"At the Sign of the Times"

HINTS FOR ALL FOOLS' DAY

The Decline of All Fools' Day

Considering what most of us are, and very little consideration shows this, it is wonderful how ineffectually we observe the great festival of All Fools' Day. A few solemn folk, such as stockbrokers, police-magistrates, and railway-officials, who make it a point of honour to do the right thing, do as a rule prepare some elaborate jokes to celebrate the occasion and cause the jokes (if they come off) to be published in the newspapers. No one need be without hopes of hearing in the course of the week that a well-known member of the Stock Exchange has had his hat hammered, or that the South Eastern railway company has run an express train punctual to the second or that there has been laughter, and even loud laughter, in more than one police-court. These things are very humorous in their way. They serve to keep our English wit alive. They make reporters happy. They encourage the staff of *Punch* to go on trying. But, admirable as they are, and loath as we should be to lose them, they have one weakness. That is, that similar jokes might be made on almost any day of the year. Whereas, the first of April comes only once.

Appears to be

Now, one must admit that there are a thousand difficulties in the way of keeping a day, dedicated like this to folly, in a seemly and adequate manner. It is easy enough to be foolish after the event—on any other day. Indeed, as we know from observing other people, and as other people know from observing us, it is easy to be foolish both before and after most events. Yet, easy though it seems to be foolish, civilisation has made us so absurdly self-conscious that we cannot be foolish except by accident. On the first of April it is well-nigh impossible to be foolish by accident. We are on our guard from earliest dawn. We awake, the cowards of conscience; a fearful prudence accompanies us downstairs to breakfast; we go about our day's work with a wariness that is positively discomfiting. So much so that we see practised jesters in innocent fellow-citizens, and while we trust that they are quailing before our eyes, they wonder why on earth we are glaring at them.

A Regrettable Matter

Clearly, when every man is mortally afraid lest he should sit down on his own hat, we cannot expect All Fools' Day to be kept as it used to be. The days of mummery are past, and I am no such praiser of Times gone by, no such advocate for the revival of antique rites and celebrations that I should wish the mummers back again. Ancient witticisms do not bear restoring as ancient buildings do, and—though some of our comic papers do not realise it—the most tolerant of generations cannot smile at the quips of its fore-fathers. But there is no reason that I can see, why—with all the resources of civilisation at our command and more wits at the service of folly than perhaps were dreamed of before—we should let this day of days pass into desuetude. On the contrary we ought to ensure its being livelier and more memorable than ever.

For which the Remedy

I am far from saying that such an ideal could easily be put into practice. The one or two efforts that have been made of late years were on the whole unsuccessful. I remember, for example, how, in the interests of Folly, an evening paper was handed over, for April the first only, to the editorship of a music-hall star, and how disappointed I was with the result. As a matter of fact I read the paper without realising the change of editors, and when someone told me of the jest I could hardly believe it. It seemed to me just like any other edition—no worse and no—well—no cheaper. Now if that journal had been entrusted to the care of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or if—let us say—the *Morning Post* were entrusted to the care of a music-hall star, such a mistake as I made would be impossible.

Though Sufficiently Obvious

With the *Morning Post* in capable hands — capable of course in view of the occasion, I mean—much could be done. If only those social announcements, for instance, could be lengthened so as to give us an insight into the motives as well as into the movements of the great! Why have Mrs. Punt-Smith and Miss Miranda Punt-Smith returned to Portman Square? I have often wanted to know. Other people return to their homes for various reasons, but none of them have seemed to me adequate to explain the return of Mrs. and Miss Miranda Punt-Smith to Portman Square. What tragic message called them back? What did they find on their arrival? Could it have been the body of Mr. Punt-Smith, his throat slit from end to end with a razor? Had Master Punt-Smith been expelled from Eton for smoking? Or was it merely that Miss Miranda could no longer endure to be separated from her pet canary? The April editor would answer these questions. He would explain who it was that arranged the marriage between the Hon. Postley Jenkinson and Amelia, widow of the late Colonel Hopwood, R.E., and why it was that these apparently grown-up people could not decide the matter for themselves. Painful details might come to light, it is

true. We might not like to let the *Morning Post* fall into our young sisters' hands. But with proper precautions the thing might be arranged perfectly, and Folly could be served without any great falling-off in the number of subscribers.

Is too Drastic

Public men, not less than editors, might contribute to the merriment of All Fools' Day. I would name politicians in particular. Some of these hold that they contribute to it so liberally during the rest of the year that they are entitled to take this day off. That is to take a wrong view of the business. During the rest of the year they are—with one or two exceptions like Mr. T. Bowles—mere creatures of party, and, as I have said, only foolish by accident. On April the first they might serve their country with unadulterated devotion and only be as absurd as trying hard could make them. Mr. Balfour might denounce Chinese labour at a mass meeting in Hyde Park, and Dr. Clifford speak in favour of the Education Act. Mr. Chamberlain might give a lecture in aid of Passive Resisters. Mr. Winston Churchill might give a lecture in aid of Mr. Chamberlain.

To Stand a Chance of Being Tried

"How I reformed the Army." One can imagine with what charming modesty Mr. Brodrick would read a paper on that subject. And "Why I expect to be promoted to the India Office"—an article dealing with political precedents—would come not less admirably from Mr. Arnold-Forster. The Army Reformers might have a great time by mixing up their notes and forgetting precisely what it was they decided on the day before. Lord Rosebery could surpass himself on the subject of "Calumnies—Before and After Dinner." Indeed there would be no end to the possibilities, if only the spirit of the thing could be entered into. Every southern train would be punctual and passengers would abuse the railway companies for disturbing the habits and customs of a lifetime. Theatrical managers would act in the chorus, and we should gladly pay double prices for the play. A Bacchanalian (but dowdy) Smart Set would march to Bond Street and beautify the Beautifiers with their own implements of torture. Palmists would reveal their own pasts instead of other people's futures. Christian Scientists, suffering from torpid livers, would send for the doctor. Mr. Kensit would wear a cassock.

In Our Time

Vain dreams! Not on this first of April are any of these things likely to come to pass. The great day is upon us, and we shall keep it simply and naturally, without strain and without effort, as we generally do. Other people may make fools of themselves, if they like, but we shall remain our ordinary selves, just as we are, every other day of the year. And, as the process is a most unnecessary one, we will not count the fools. MINIMUS.

Snapshots of Bird Life: As Seen in an Incubator

The subject of these photographs is not a breakfast table study, nor an election item, but merely the hatching of a chicken under the kindly influence of an incubator. Those of our readers who are affected by the melancholy air of pessimism and disappointment at the world in general which finds expression in the newly hatched chicken, may be comforted to hear that he has quite got over it, and is now, both bodily and mentally, a most robust individual

CONCERNING LORD ROSEBERY

See the Supplement, by Phil May, presented with this number.

"I am doing all I can to make him a scholar. Anyhow, he will be an orator, and, if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in."

The prediction quoted above was made in a letter to a friend by William Johnson, afterwards called William Cory, who was the tutor and friend at Eton of Archibald Philip Primrose, fifth Earl of Rosebery. He was Lord Dalmeny in those days. The impression made on Cory was that which Lord Dalmeny made on most of the keen observers. All thought him marked out for great things; nor was this merely the expression of that enthusiasm with which Eton tutors and others are wont to hail the appearance of any signs of intelligence in a youth destined to an earldom. Lord Rosebery has always been a remarkable character among the most remarkable of his contemporaries.

It is not merely the great multitude of poets, however, from whom Lord Rosebery has exacted admiration. Mr. Cory might have gone farther, had he cared to take the larger risks of prophecy from which many of the guardians of youth do not flinch. He might have said, as some unknown, and possibly quite stupid, person did once say of the young Lord Dalmeny, after listening to him deliver a speech at the age of fourteen: "In that young man we have heard and seen one of Great Britain's future Prime Ministers." Since then he has occupied, and to a great extent he occupies still, a leading place among the few men who have profoundly and powerfully struck the imagination of the people. Not only poets, but politicians, publicans, publishers, painters, and all sorts and conditions of men—and let us not forget sportsmen—have "delighted in," this extraordinary man, who has combined eminence in politics with eminence on the turf, taste for letters with taste for agriculture, rank and wealth in society with rank and wealth in the kingdom of the intellect.

Not that there have not been some who complained. Long before the time when the name of Rosebery became accursed in certain political quarters, there were found many who were repelled by the distance and reserve of his demeanour with those outside his own high, but somewhat thinly-populated world. This made no difference to those who confessed themselves beneath him—has not Mr. Barrie's *Crichton* explained how the underling is made miserable by any other attitude toward him in his betters? But many a persevering clamberer on the social ladder, many an aspiring political recruit, has been dismayed by a coldness and a hauteur in Lord Rosebery the man who, fortunately for his success, is never manifest in the sayings or the acts of Lord Rosebery the public character. Nor has it been any comfort to these to know that this stiffness gives place to a delightful gaiety when he is with his own family and friends. It only annoys them the more.

In these days, it is as an orator that Lord Rosebery shines most brilliantly in the public sight. He can rise as no other man can rise to a ceremonial occasion, be it the unveiling of a statue, the giving of a prize, or the pronouncing of a funeral oration. He has the ingenuity and point of the best of the younger men; and he has a turn of humour and a vein of dignified eloquence that are entirely his own. As a speaker, he is coarsely, but accurately described as "a safe draw."

"I can't help thinking," said Lord Rosebery's elder daughter once to a nurse who advised her against the practice at bedtime. "You see I cannot make my mind lie down." Since Lord Rosebery announced his retirement from political life to a lonely furrow, there have been many fervent wishes on the part of a section of his party that his lordship could make his mind lie down. His interventions from time to time, in the *rôle* of adviser and political observer, have excited that section to a frenzy of annoyance, the section which would fain have him back again to a delirium of joy.

To-day, however, little is heard of the loud resentment of extreme Radicalism, Lord Rosebery is "sound on Free Trade." He did once say that he was not a person who believed that doctrine to be a part of the Sermon on the Mount; but that was long ago—last May, to be precise. And now he has definitely told us that he "will not exchange the open air of Free Trade for the hot-house of Protection." If he goes on as he has been doing lately in the path of reconciliation, it looks as if it might yet be bad business for the fatted calf.

Seriously, the shadow on Lord Rosebery's life has been that of the mind that will not lie down. Insomnia has haunted him all his days, breaking up the happiness that should have come to a man of great position and great gifts, with great work to his hand; and doing, we may guess, not a little to cause that touchiness and lack of tenacity which have almost destroyed him as a political force.

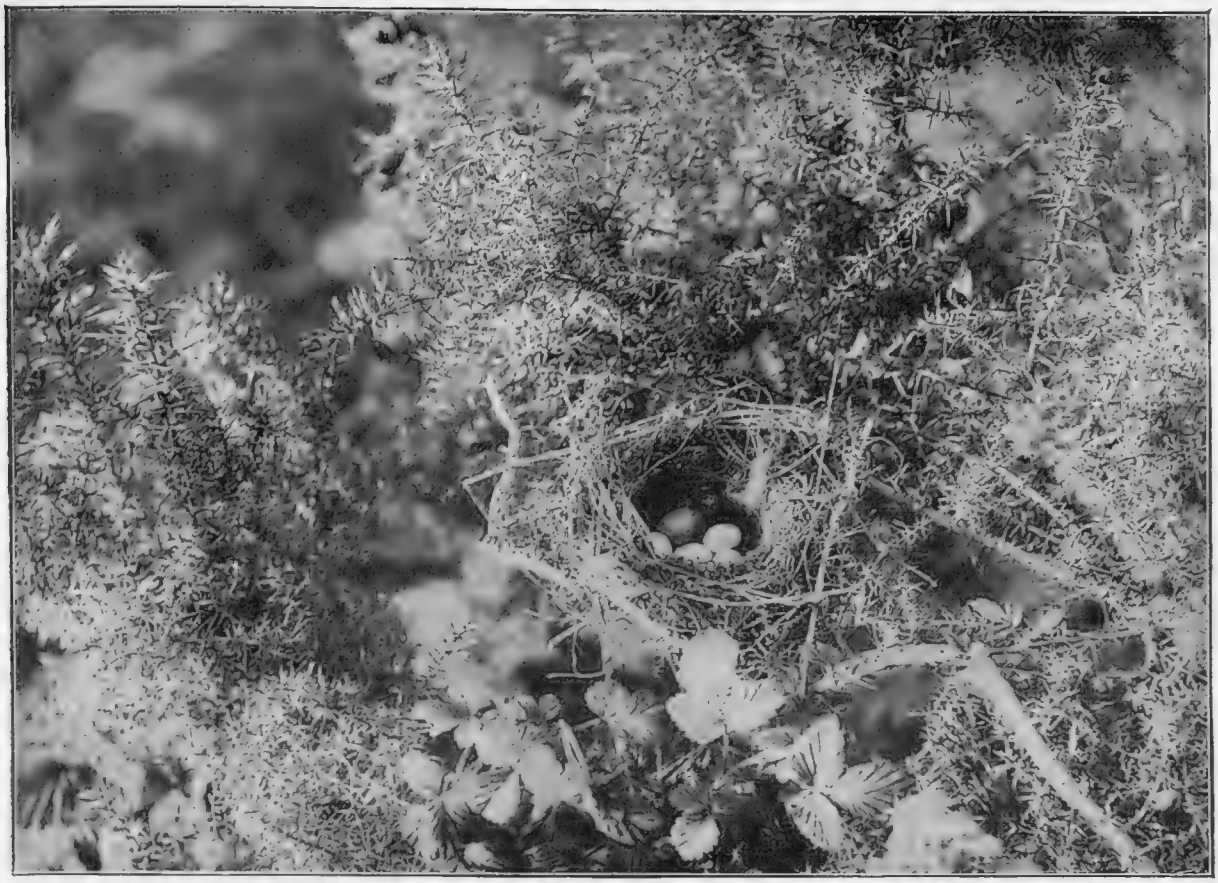
Lord Rosebery's books on Pitt, Peel, and Napoleon have won him golden opinions. So has his butter; the fresh variety of which gained him a prize a year or two ago at the Tunbridge Wells Agricultural Show, while the "slightly salted" received honourable mention. He has won a Derby, and raised his ancient name to the dignity of the highest place a subject may attain. And at fifty-seven he should have great things before him still.

A FEATHERED USURPER: THE CUCKOO AT "HOME"

A Young Cuckoo Clamouring for Food

Photo by *Newman*

Its First Venture from the Nest Ends in a Fall



A Cuckoo's Egg (the Large Dark-coloured One) in a Hedge-sparrow's Nest

A wanderer among birds, the Cuckoo is too lazy to build a nest for itself, and so deposits its eggs in the nests of the Hedge-sparrow, Wagtail, Titlark, Reedwarbler, and other birds, whose offspring is promptly ejected by the young Cuckoo shortly after being hatched

Photos by *Newman*

The Nest and Eggs of a Meadow Pipit, with Cuckoo's Egg Seen at the Back

The Cuckoo's eggs are usually larger than those laid by the owner of the nest, yet the smaller bird seems to take no notice of this fact, and considerately hatches the young Cuckoo with its own brood

A Hedge-sparrow's Nest, Containing its Brood and a Young Cuckoo just Hatched

Two Days later the Young Cuckoo had Ejected the other Occupants of the Nest who Perished Miserably Below

Photos by

A Young Cuckoo in the Small Nest of a Reedwarbler

Newman

The Haunt of the Reedwarbler and Water Wagtail, close by here our Last Photograph was taken

OUR SHORT STORY

A MARTYR TO CONSCIENCE

By BERNARD CAPES

Illustrated by DUDLEY HARDY

"I have nothing to do with your scruples," said the magistrate; "the law is the law, and I am here to administer it."

Mr. Plumley licked his hand, and stolidly smoothing down his black hair with it, answered, as if at a distance, being a well-fed, unctuous man, "too full for sound and foam," "I'm a conscientious objector."

"Passive resister!" corrected a friend, a little eager man, among the audience near him.

"Eh?" said Mr. Plumley immovably, and without a glance in the direction of the voice, "I said passive resister, didn't I?"

"Whether you said it or not," answered the magistrate sharply, "you look it. I make an order against you for the amount."

"As man to man——" began Mr. Plumley.

"Not in the least," said the magistrate; "as debtor to creditor. Stand down."

"I shan't pay it," said Mr. Plumley, preparing to obey.

"If you say another word, I'll commit you for contempt," said the magistrate. "Stand down, sir!"

Mr. Plumley stood down, with an unspeakable expression—it might have been of satisfaction—on his huge, stolid face. Arrived at the floor, he beckoned his little friend to follow him, and heavily left the court.

He steered—the other acting as his rudder, as it were, and keeping his position behind—straight for his own domestic shrine, hight Primrose Villa, semi-detached. It was a beautiful little home for a widower unencumbered, calculated, like an india-rubber collar, to afford the maximum of display at a minimum of cost in washing. The doorsteps were laid with a flaming pattern in tiles; red-aspinalled flower pots, embellished with little dull glazed shrubs, stood on the lowest window-sill: the bell knob was of handsome porcelain, painted with the gaudiest flowers in miniature. Within, too, it was all furnished on a like hard principle of lustre—red and yellow oilcloth in the hall, with marbled paper to match; earthenware-panned mahogany hat-rack and umbrella-stand combined, as red as rhubarb, and as acrid in suggestion to one's feelings; more oilcloth in the parlour; more mahogany, also, with a pert disposition in its doors and drawers to resent being shut up; glass bead mats and charity bazaar photograph frames on the whatnots, all so clean and pungent with sharp furniture stain that the rudder—Gardener by name—felt, as usual, the necessity of a humble apology for bringing his five feet four of shabbiness into the midst of so much splendour and selectness.

Mr. Plumley rumbled condescendingly in reply:

"You'd get used to it, Robert, you'd get used to it, if you'd lived familiar with it all your life, as I have."

"Ah!" said Gardener, "but I wasn't born like you, sir, to shine."

If he meant that the other was a light in his way—a little tallowy, perhaps—his own dry, hungry cheeks certainly justified him in the self-depreciation. They justified him, moreover—or he fancied they did, which was all the same as to the moral—in continuing to act jackal to this social lion, who had once been his employer in the cheap furniture-removal line. He lived—hung, it would seem more apposite to say—on his traditions of the great man's business capacities, capacities whose fruits were here as witness of the visible evidences of the competence upon which his principal had retired. He got, in fact, little else than his traditions out of his former master at this date; yet it was strange how they served to delude him into a belief in his continued profit at the hands of the old patronage. The moral benefit he acquired from stealing into the local chapel to hear Mr. Plumley take a Sunday-school class, was at least worth as much to him as the occasional pipe of tobacco or glass of whiskey and water which his idol vouchsafed him. For Mr. Gardener was in a very poor way, and grateful for the cheapest gift from the gods.

"You stuck to your principles, sir," he said, standing on one leg and the toe of the other, in humble deprecation of his right to any but the smallest possible allowance of oilcloth. Perhaps he would have brought his foot down, even he, could he have guessed the true significance of his own remark.

"I did, Robert," said Mr. Plumley, placidly sleeking his hair. "I always do. Have a pipe, Robert?"

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the man. "That was a mistake you made, sir."

"Mistakes," said Mr. Plumley, "will occur. Have some whiskey, Robert?"

"You're very good, sir."

"You don't like it too strong, I think, Robert? And how's the world treating you, my friend?"

"Much as usual, sir. From hand to mouth's my motto."

"Sad, sad to be sure. They'll distrain upon me, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"The inhumanity of the world, Robert! You do pretty reg'lar porter's work for Bull and Hacker, the auctioneers, don't you, Robert?"

"That's so, Mr. Plumley," said the man, wondering. "But the work's heavier than the wages."

(*All rights reserved*)

"They'll be commissioned to seize the necessary goods. I wish you'd manage to give 'em a hint, Robert—over the left, you know, without any reference to me—that there's a picture I prize (and that I've reason to believe a dealer is after), what would more than pay the two pun odd of the distraint if put up first. O' course, I can't appear to favour the matter myself, being a con——"

"Passive resister, sir."

"Thank you, Robert; being the one most concerned in disputin' the justice of the law. But a hint from you might se tle the question at once. We aren't very good friends, Bull and me; and, if he thought I prized the article, he'd be moral sure to seize it slap away to spite me."

"The picter?"

"The picture, Robert. There it is."

It hung in an obscure corner, a dingy enough article, in an old damaged frame.

"It don't look the price," said Gardener doubtfully.

"It cost me more in a bad debt," said the ex-remover, busying himself with the whiskey in his heavy, observant way.

"Very like, sir," answered the other, and coughed behind his hand.

"I know what you mean," said his patron; "that I was took in. Well, I've reason to think not, my man. I've reason to think that picture's worth a deal—say, fifty pun. Anyhow, I mean to try."

"A dealer's after it, you say?"

"Yes, I do say."

'Then why—with deference, sir—don't you sell direct to him?"

"Why don't I? Am I a man of business, Robert? Look about you. Have I learned, do you think, to take a hexpert's word as to the precise vally o' a article that I see his heve's on, or to argy by induction that a good private offer means a better public one? When it comes to over-reaching—hem!—a connoyser's a man like myself; so we'll just, by your leave, put the picture up to auction."

He carried the decanter back to its place in one of the shiny cupboards.

"Besides, my friend," said he, talking over his shoulder, "don't you see as how my conscience demands this seizure?"

"Not quite, sir, *with* humility, if so be as——"

"You're dense, Robert. Look here, I'm a conscientious resister, ain't I? Law ain't necessarily equity because the devil and Mr. Chamberlain frames it. There's some lawgivers that are Vicars of Jehovah, and some of——but perhaps you've never heard of Abaddon?"

"*Haven't* I?" said Mr. Gardener ruefully. "I was near run in once for tendering one as had been passed on me."

"He was king of the bottomless pit," said Mr. Plumley patiently. "*He* framed this here law what's made a passive objector of me. Well, if, in resigning myself to his unjust processes, I force the picture-dealer's hand, thereby making a profit elsewise denied me, don't you see how I round on the law—triumph over it—kill two birds with one stone, as it might be?"

"Yes, sir; I see that," said Mr. Gardener, though still doubtfully.

"You do, do you?" responded the other. "Well, then, the only thing is to make the law pay as heavy as possible by getting the picture run up to the dealer's figure."

"But the law wouldn't go for more'n its two pun odd," protested the jackal.

"O, you fool!" snarled the lion. "It's the moral profit's the game, don't you see? *I* gain by the very hact what starts of itself to ruin me. It's as plain as two pins."

Mr. Gardener scratched his head, and broke into a short laugh.

"Bless you sir," said he, "it's clear enough; if on'y you'll tell me who in all this here place is a-going to run up the dealer, since you can't yourself."

Mr. Plumley, bending at the cupboard, did not answer for a moment. When at last he did, rising and facing round, there was a curious pallor on his lips, and he had to clear his throat before he could articulate:

"You, Robert."

"Me, sir! You're joking."

"Never less so, Robert."

"I ain't worth a sixpence in the world, sir."

The ex-remover walked shakily across, and put a flabby, insinuative hand on the other's shoulder.

"I think I may say I've been a good friend to you, Robert?"

Gardener muttered an uneasy affirmative.

"To justify a great principle, Robert? It's a mere matter of form; it's—— humph! A moment, if you please. Think of it while I'm gone."

A rap at the front door had obtruded itself. Mr. Plumley tiptoed elephantinely out, was heard murmuring a few minutes in the hall, and returned shortly in a state of suavely perspiring mystery.

"It's the dealer himself, Robert," he whispered, his little eyes twinkling. "He's come to make another attempt. I'll humour him—humour him, never fear. Now, you must be quick. Will you do this little thing to oblige me?"

"Supposing I were let in, sir?"

Mr. Plumley coughed.

"I guarantee you, of course. It's just a confidence between us. Go to fifty pound—not a penny less nor more—and let him take it at any figure he likes, beyond. He won't fail you. You'll do it, Robert?"

"I don't favour the job, sir."

"But you'll do it?"

"Well, yes, then."

Mr. Plumley showed him out, returned to the parlour, finished his whiskey and water, and called in the dealer from some hidden corner of the hall where he had lain concealed. He had braced his nerves in the interval. His attitude all at once was scowling and truculent—meet for the reception of the shabby loafer who now presented himself.

"What are you grinning at, sir?" he roared. "This ain't the face to bring to business."

"O! isn't it?" said the man. "Then I'll change it——" which he did, so suddenly and terrifically, that the other cowered.

The stranger snorted, and relaxed.

"What now, minion?" said he.

"Bah!" snarled Mr. Plumley: "It comes easy to a barn-stormer."

The picture was a rare example of that peerless master, Adrian Ostade. "We will start at fifty pounds, gentlemen, if you please," said he

"Roscius, ye fat old Philistine," cried the actor, striking his breast with a ragged-gloved hand: "Roscius, thou 'villainous, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch!'"

"Well," said Mr. Plumley, wiping his brow, "I meant no offence, anyhow. Have a drink."

The stranger breathed heavily, and assumed a Napoleonic pose.

"I will have a drink," he said; and, in fact, before he would condescend to utter another word, he had two.

"Ha!" he said then, ejaculating a little spirituous cloud, and his lean, pantomimic face was all at once benign. "Richard's himself again, and eager for the fray! To the charge, my passive resister, my heavy lead! Ye need Theophilus Bolton! Ye must pay!"

"As to that there," began Mr. Plumley, stuttering and glowering; but the other took him up coolly:

"As to that, dear boy, there's no question. You've withheld me from a profitable engage ment ——"

"O, blow profitable!" interposed Mr. Plumley. "And you didn't jump at the chanst neither!"

"To play a part for you," went on the actor unruffled. "Well, am I to be Agnew, or Christie, or Sotheby, or who? My commission's five per cent."

"Well, I don't object to that," said Plumley, relieved. "On the vally of the picture to Gardener, that's to say. Call it done, and call yourself what you like."

"One man in his time plays many parts," murmured Mr. Bolton. "Put it on paper, dear boy. I have a weakness for testaments."

Mr. Plumley protested; the actor whistled. In the end the latter pocketed a document to the effect that Joshua Plumley agreed to pay Theophilus Bolton a sum to be calculated at the rate of five per cent. on the ultimate selling price at auction (on a date hereafter to be filled in) of a picture known as "The Wood Shop."

"You'll be close," said Mr. Plumley uneasily. "It might—it might injure me, you know, if it got about. Short o' fifty pound's the figger—you understand? Let Gardener secure it at that. I've my reasons. You come to me quick and quiet after the sale, and you shall have your two pound ten on the nail, and slip off with it as private as you wish."

Now, what was Plumley's little game? And wasn't he anyhow a good man of business?

. . . . . .

He was at least such a sure student of human nature as to have made no miscalculation in the matter of Bull and Hacker's predilections. They seized, on the strength of Mr. Gardener's artful insinuations, the very picture on which the defaulter was supposed to set a value, and put it up to sale one afternoon on the tail of a general auction. Mr. Gardener bid for it (the practice was common enough amongst the firm's employés, acting for private clients, and Bull rather admired the man's astuteness in having suggested a seizure so prospectively profitable to himself), and a strange dealer opposed him. They ran one another up merrily, and the room gaped and sniggered and whispered. It was an afternoon of surprises.

"Forty-six," cried the auctioneer—"any advance on forty-six?"

A local lawyer, Bittern by name, was observed pushing his way through the crowd.

"Good Lord!" he was muttering; "is the man daft!"

"Forty-seven," said the dealer.

"Forty-eight," bawled Gardener.

"Forty-nine," said the dealer monotonously.

"Fifty!" cried Gardener stoutly; and hung on the bid which was to quit and relieve him.

It did not come.

The auctioneer raised his stereotyped wail: It was giving the lot away; a chance like that might never occur again; let him say fifty-one. "Come, gentlemen! Shall I say fifty-one? No?" He would sell at fifty, then—sell this unique work at the low figure of fifty pounds. "Any advance on fifty-pounds?" He raised his hammer.

"Not for me," said the dealer, turning away. "Let him have it."

Down came the hammer. "Gardener: fifty pounds," murmured Mr. Bull, with a very satisfied face. The purchaser stood, stupefied.

Two flurried gentlemen at this moment entered the room. They seemed more rivals than friends, and each shouldered the other rather rudely.

"Too late, by gosh!" growled one.

"Not a bit," said the second, pushing past. "We'll get the vendee to put it up again. I daresay he'll do it."

"Here!" cried the first, grasping at the other's receding figure.

Jibbing together, they made their way towards Gardener, who was standing in rueful and dumfoundered altercation with the lawyer. A brief, but very earnest discussion took place among the four. At the end the rostrum was invoked, the picture was replaced on the table, the two newcomers took up position. Gardener, mute and dazed, fell back, in custody of the lawyer, who stood with a hard, shrewd glitter in his eyes, and the auctioneer, blandly elated, raised his voice, justifying his own judgment.

The picture, he said—as he had already informed the company, in fact—was a desirable one, a rare example of that peerless master Adrian Ostade; and the recent purchaser—whose property it was now become—had been persuaded generously to put it up to auction again on his own account, in face of the representations of certain would-be bidders, whom an unforseen delay on the railway had prevented from attending earlier.

"We will start at fifty pounds, gentlemen, if you please," said he.

Mr. Bolton, in the background, pulled his hat over his eyes, and settled himself to listen.

. . . . . .

That great financial strategist, Mr. Plumley, sat drinking whiskey and water by lamplight. His pipe lay at his side. He had tried to smoke it; but tobacco flurried him.

"It should be about settled by now," he muttered. "Where's that Bolton?"

"Rap!" came the answer, upon such an acute nervous centre, that he started as if he had been stung.

He rose, made an effort to compose himself, and went to the door.

A spare tall figure detached itself from the dark, and entered.

"What the devil's been keeping you?" growled the ex-remover.

"Ah! you're short-sighted, my friend," said Mr. Bittern, and walked coolly into the parlour.

Mr. Plumley stared, felt suddenly wet, shook himself, and followed. When it came to creeping flesh, he felt the full aggravation of his size. The slow march of apprehensions, taking time from a sluggish but persistent brain, seemed minutes encompassing him.

"So," said the lawyer, dry and wintry, the moment he was in: "You coveted your neighbour's one ewe lamb?"

Mr. Plumley took up his pipe, blew through it, put it down again, and said nothing.

"You'd heard of Gardener's aunt's little bequest to him of fifty pounds, duty free, eh?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said Mr. Plumley.

"O!" said the lawyer. "He bid fifty pounds for that picture of yours this afternoon, and got it. On whose instructions?"

"Ask him, sir. He acts for many."

"It wasn't on yours, then?"

"Is that reasonable, Mr. Bittern, when to my knowledge the man wasn't worth a brass farden?"

"What do you say about holding him to his bargain?"

"I say, if he's bought the picture, he must pay for it."

"And who bid against him? You don't know that either, I suppose?"

"Nat'rally. Was I there?"

"Well, I've settled for him with Bull and Hacker, and brought you their cheque, less commission and distraint. Give me a receipt for it."

The great creature, elated with his own strategy as he was, could hardly draw it out, his hands shook so. But he managed the business somehow. The lawyer examined the paper, and buttoning it into his pocket, took up his hat.

"O, by the way!" he said, as if on an after-thought, "I was forgetting to mention that Gardener, after securing the picture, put it up to auction again, at the particular request of some late arrivals, and was bid a thousand pounds for it. It turned out to be a very good work."

Mr. Plumley took up his pipe again quite softly, looked at it a moment, and suddenly dashed it to smithereens on the floor.

"It was a plant!" he cried, in a fat, hoarse scream. "I'll be even with him—I'll have the money—the picture was mine—I'll—by God, I say, it was a conspiracy!"

The lawyer at the door lashed round on him like whipcord.

"And that's what I think," he shouted. "The meanest, dirtiest trick that was ever played by a canting scoundrel on a poor brother. But I may get to the bottom of it yet, from the opening scheme to enlist Gardener's sympathies for a poor martyr to conscience, to the last wicked design upon him in the saleroom. I may get to the bottom of it, cunning as it was planned; and, when I do, let some look out!"

As he flung away, he let in a newcomer, Mr. Bolton, by the opened door. Mr. Plumley, choking in the backwater of his own fury, had sunk into a chair, gasping betwixt bitterness and panic. He could not, for the moment, remember how far he had committed himself. He looked up, to meet the insolent, ironic smile of his confederate.

"Come along, dear boy," said Mr. Bolton. "Curtain's down. Cash up!"

He presented a claim for fifty pounds, and stood, his hat cocked on his head, picking his teeth.

"What's this curst gammon?" sneered Mr. Plumley, rousing himself.

"Commission," said the actor airily. "Five per cent. on the ultimate selling price of a picture."

"It went at fifty."

"Pardon *me*, sir. *Ultimate—ultimate*, see agreement" (he smacked his chest). "One thou' was the figger, and dirt cheap. Fine example. I'll trouble you for a cheque."

"Two pound ten. I'll give it you in cash."

Mr. Bolton whistled a stave, and turned round, his hands deep in his breeches' pockets.

"I can sell to the other party. Good-day to you, and look out."

"Stop! Here's Bull and Hacker's cheque."

"I'd rather have yours."

Mr. Plumley, in his present frenzy of scare, with his brain refusing to work, would have given more to re-secure the document. The cheque passed.

"Now," he roared, staggering to his feet, "you can go to——"

"So-long," minced the actor: "meet you there, old chummy. Party in the parlour, you know. Talk over old times. Ta-ta!"

A METRICAL MONODY

"*The Metric System is now before a Select Committee of the House of Lords.*"—EVENING PAPER.

Whene'er with aching head I pore
And con that table o'er and o'er,
I soon have reason to deplore
The presence of reporters:
With muffled curse and heart-wrung moan
I cry, "Oh! is a stone a stone,
Or one and just three quarters?"

My trembling family come round
To soothe my grief when I have found
A pound is often not a pound,
And then my woes quadruple,
For soon I learn, dazed as I am,
A drachm will differ from a drachm
By much more than a scruple.

At home, abroad, in tram or train,
I call on all men to explain
How much a hogshead *does* contain;
For vain are my researches.
And does the wide world hold a man,
The heaven-born genius, who can
Reduce a mile to perches?

But now, O gracious Parliament,
I wait but your benign consent
To pass my days in deep content,
And taste life's fuller pleasures;
Some blessed reformer—praise the Fates!
Now with the best of measures waits,
To change our weights and measures.

M. S.

PHIL MAY, PROPHET

BY FRANK RICHARDSON

Photo by *Wood*

This is a Photograph of Mr. Frank Richardson as He Appears to the Camera

WE were sitting in the smoking-room of the Devonshire Club, the genius who has gone, and I.

He had been, as I thought, aimlessly drawing on a sheet of paper. Suddenly he held it out to me.

"What do you think of it?"

"It is excellently drawn. Who is it?"

"Don't you know?"

"I know that such people exist—but I cannot identify the terror."

Phil May took the paper back and wrote on it, "A member of the Devonshire Club."

"That does not help me. The braces, perhaps, put me out. Anyhow, I am nonplussed. Help me. I am as a ship without a rudder. Who is the unfortunate man?"

"Don't you know? Can't you see?"

"No."

"Funny. . . . . it's you."

"Pardon me, Philip. I have many troubles, but I am not like that."

"Not now; but you will be."

"Never. Not this side Jordan."

"Yes, you will . . . . on the near side of Jordan you will be just like this."

"Explain how and why?"

"I will. You're half American and half Scotch. Aren't you? It's a good cross, and you're a bad example of it. Aren't you?"

"I'm half American and half Scotch, but I'm entirely unlike this 'Hayseed' of full habit of body."

"Forty years hence this 'Hayseed' will be you: or rather you will be this 'Hayseed.' Your face will be half American and your body will be semi-Scotch."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Heaven is powerless to help you. Nature will do her work."

"Well, if you're right, you shall never see me in this horrible condition."

"No, no . . . . I never shall. Now I'm going off to the *Punch* dinner."

. . . . . .

Within a month he was dead.

And as Phil May Prophesied He would be Forty Years Hence.

THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE & SPORTS

· 1904 ·

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TWO CONTESTS

R. W. Barclay (Cambridge) Wins the 100 Yards in 10 1-5th secs.

Barclay is the man on the left springing in the air. It is the third time he has won the 100

H. W. Gregson (Cambridge) Wins the Mile in 4 min. 20 secs.: a Very Great Performance

A. R. Churchill (Cambridge) Wins the 3 Miles in 14 min. 57 3-5th secs. by 300 Yards

Photos Special] THREE RACES IN THE SPORTS *[to The Bystander*

Photo by *Mey*

FIRST ROW: T. G. Brocklebank, Trinity, 10st. 7lb. (Bow); A. H. Hales, Corpus, 12st. 2½lb. (No. 3); H. W. Jelf, Christ Church, 12st. 5½lb. (No. 4); R. W. Somers-Smith, Merton, 10st. 8½lb. (No. 2); J. B. Stobart (spare man)

SECOND ROW: P. C. Underhill, Brasenose, 12s. 9½lb. (No. 5); A. K. Graham, Balliol, 11st. (stroke); E. P. Evans, University, 13st. (No. 7); A. R. Balfour, University, 11st. 13lb. (No. 6); E. C. T. Warner, Christ Church, 7st. 10lb. (Cox.)

THE OXFORD CREW

Photo by *Callcott*

The Oxford Crew, Fresh and Eager for Work, Leaving their Boathouse for Practice

Mr. Fletcher (Coach) and A. K. Graham, the Oxford Stroke, Hold a Consultation Regarding Tactics

OXFORD IN TRAINING

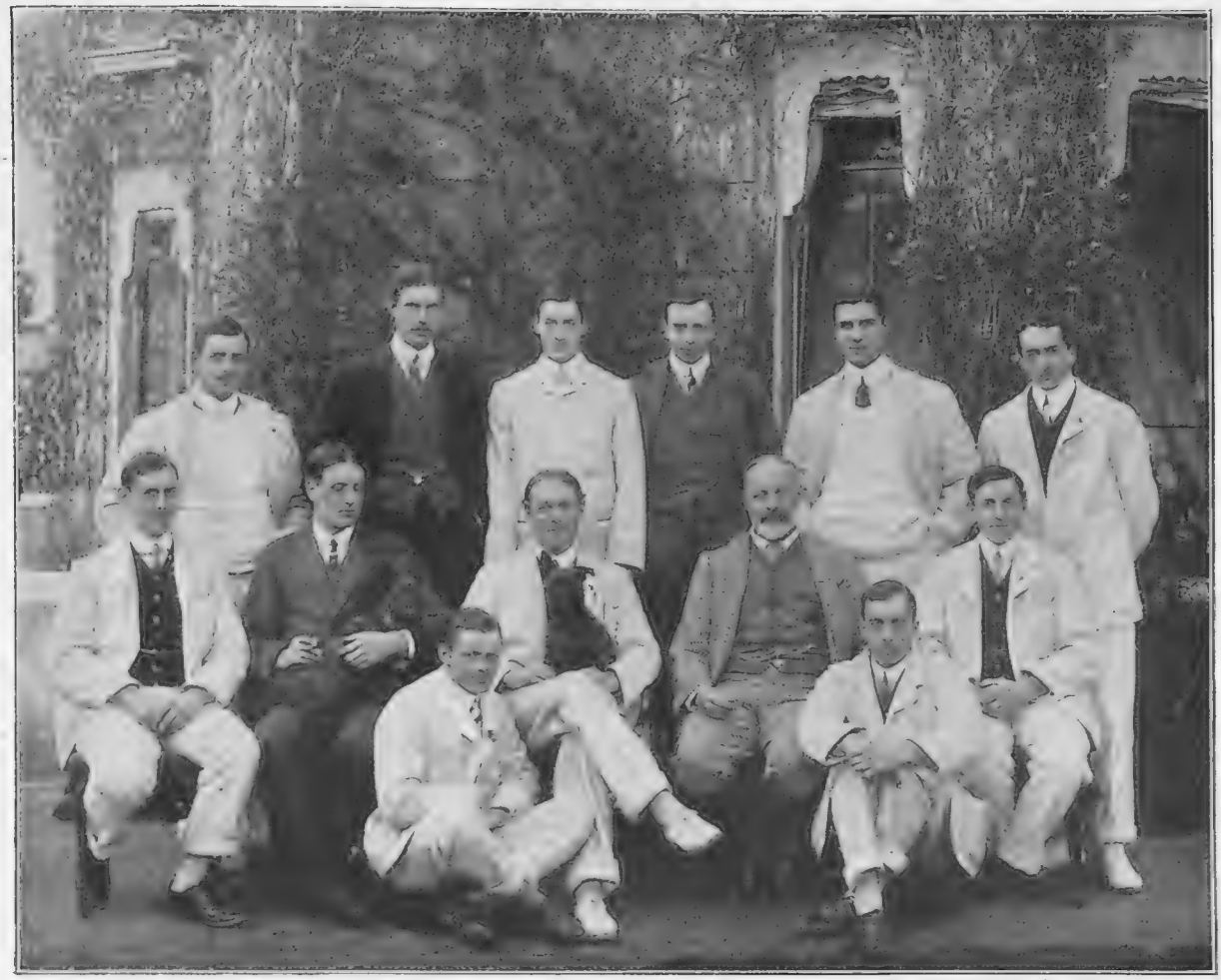


Photo by *Stearn*

First Row: B. C. Johnstone, Third Trinity, 12st. 1lb. (No. 3); C. W. H. Taylor (coach); R. V. Powell, Third Trinity, 12st. (No. 5); F. J. Escombe (coach); A. L. Lawrence. First Trinity, 13st. 1lb. (No. 4); S. M. Bruce, Trinity Hall, 12st. (No. 2)

Second Row: H. Sanger, St. John's, 10st. 8lb. (bow); J. Edwards-Moss; P. H. Thomas, Third Trinity, 12st. 7½lb. (No. 6); Sir John Edwards-Moss, who was acting as host at the time this photograph was taken; M. V. Smith, 10st. 5½lb. (stroke)

Third Row: B. G. A. Scott, Trinity Hall, 8st. 4lb. (cox.); H. D. Gillies, Caius, 10st. 3½lb. (No. 7)

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW

Cambridge Bringing in Their Boat at Putney After Morning Practice

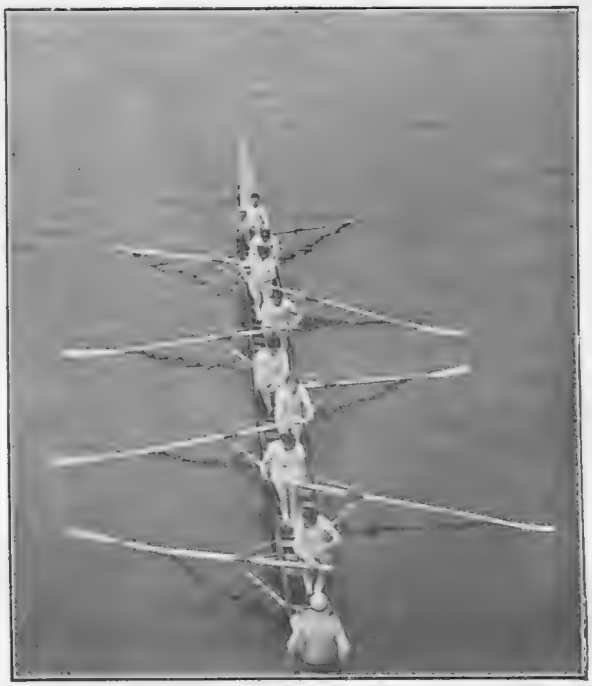


Photo by *Callcott*

A Bird's-eye View of the Cambridge Men as Seen from Putney Bridge

CAMBRIDGE IN TRAINING

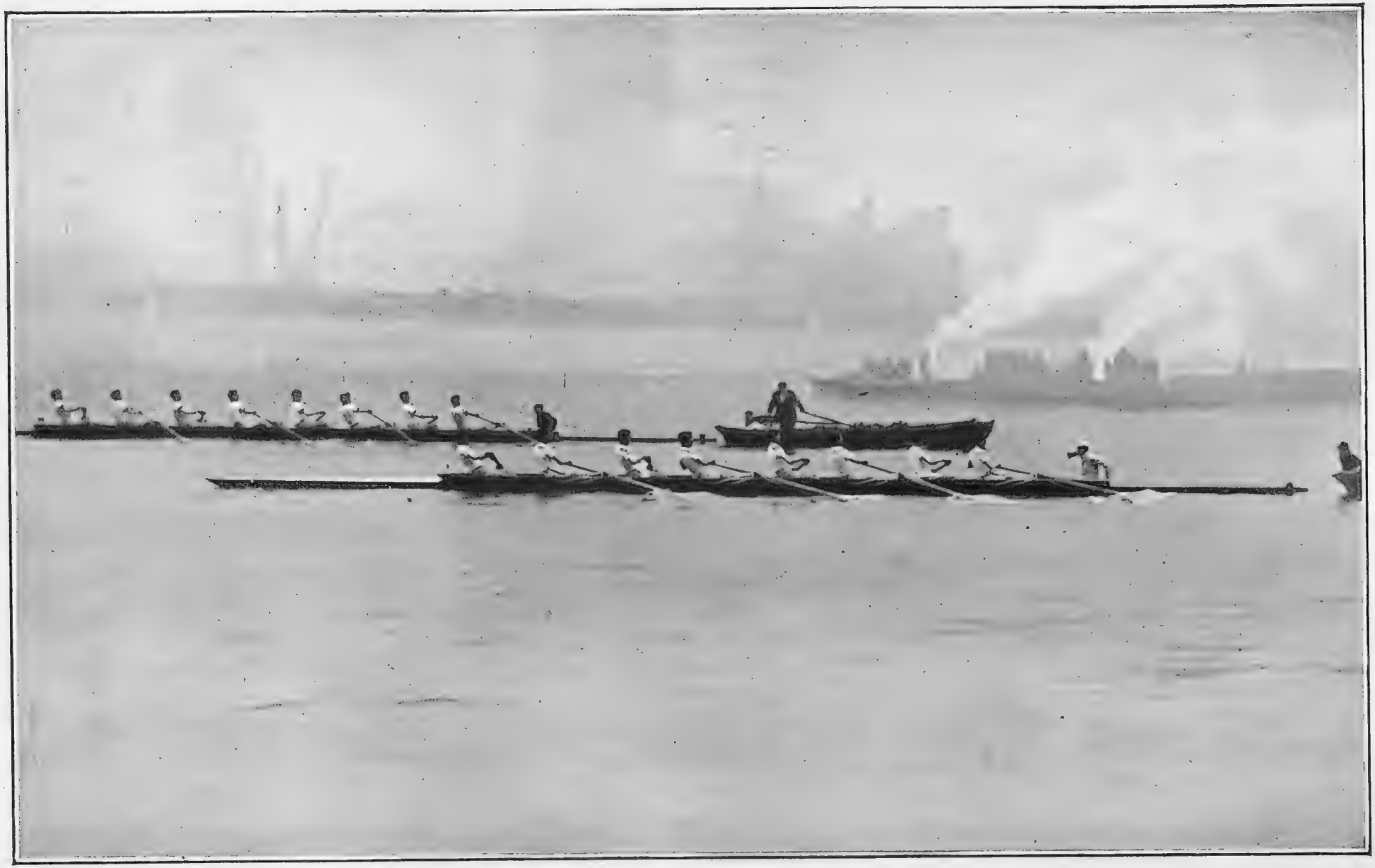
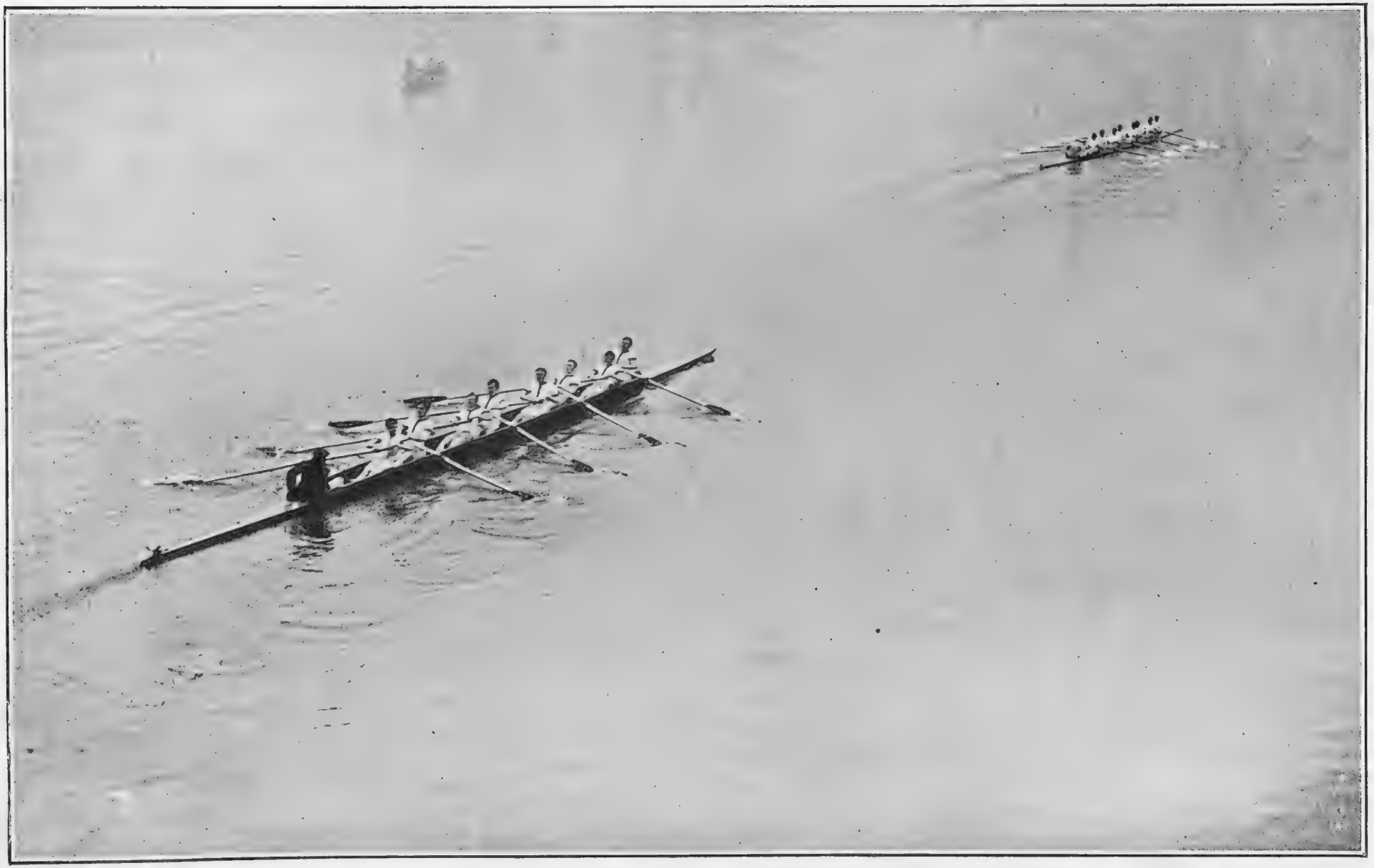


Photo Special] **The Start of the Boat Race: Oxford get finely away** [*to The Bystander*



[Photo Special] The Boat Race: The Finish, taken from Barnes Bridge. Cambridge win by Four-and-a-Half Lengths [to The Bystander

'VARSITY STRINGS

R. W. Barclay, Camb.
1st string for Quarter Mile

H. W. Gregson, Camb.
1st string in One Mile

J. Churchill, Camb.
1st string 100 Yards
2nd string Quarter Mile

J. H. Holding, Oxford
1st string Half Mile

F. H. Teall, Camb.
1st string in Hurdles

'VARSITY STRINGS

G. Le-B. Smith, Oxford
1st string in Hurdles and 2nd Long Jump

E. E. Leader, Camb.,
1st string High Jump

A. R. Churchill, Camb.
1st string in Three Miles

J. K. Macmeikan
1st string High Jump

T. A. Leach, Oxford
Long Jump, 22ft. 3in.

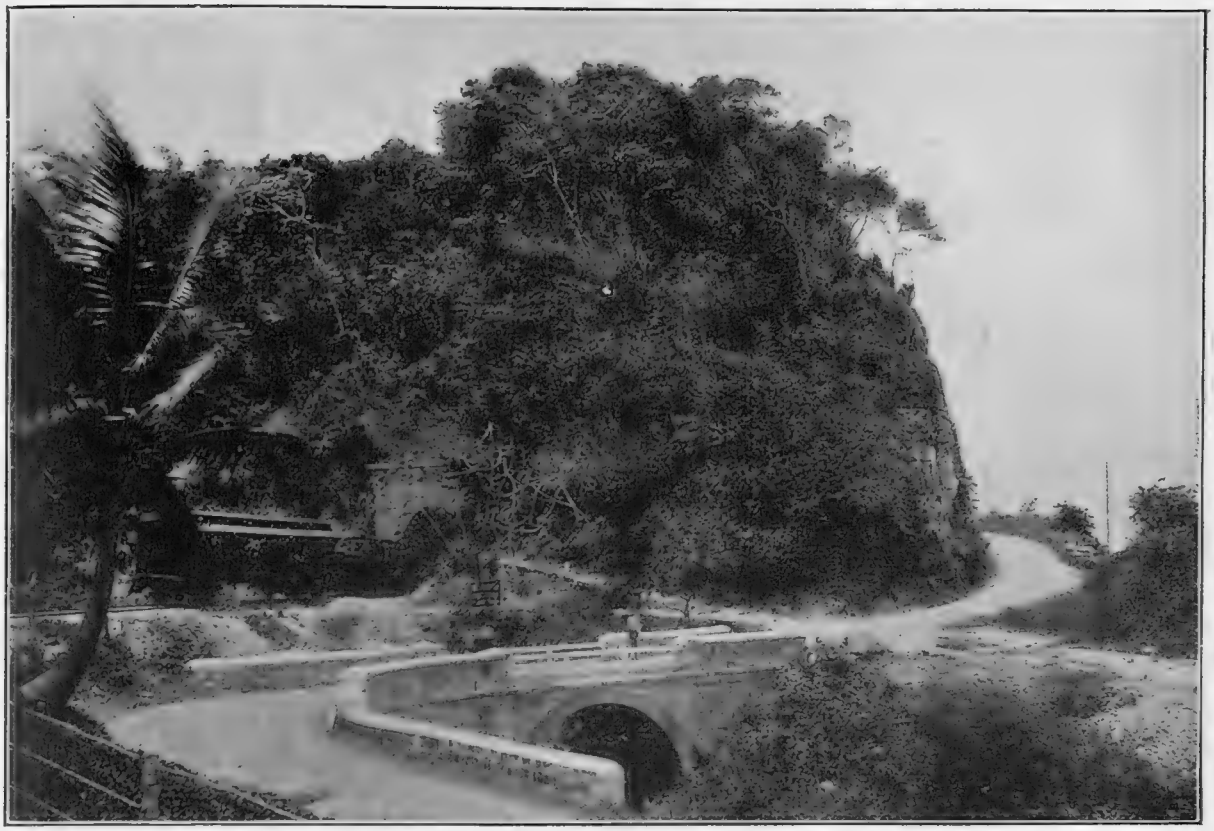
The Quarter Mile: Barclay, the Ultimate Winner, Passing Cornwallis on the Turn

E. E. Leader (Cambridge Jumping 5 ft. 11 in.

K. Cornwallis (Oxford) Wins the Half-mile in Splendid Time, 1 min. 54 4-5th sec.: A Record for the 'Varsity Sports

Photos Special] The Crowd at the Winning Post *[to The Bystander*

JAMAICA, "THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES"



By Road, Rail, and Stream in Jamaica

The interior of the island being so mountainous, the railroads are inclined to follow the coast. But for the palm tree on the left of the picture, the scene might be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Ventnor

"Tom Cringle's Tree": A Worthy Example of the Banyan

Jamaican roads wind through a wilderness of trees, flowers, and fruit groves

Port Royal, looking towards Fort Henderson

Previous to the great earthquake, in 1692, Port Royal was one of the chief cities in the West Indies, while now it is only a small naval station

Cutting Bananas

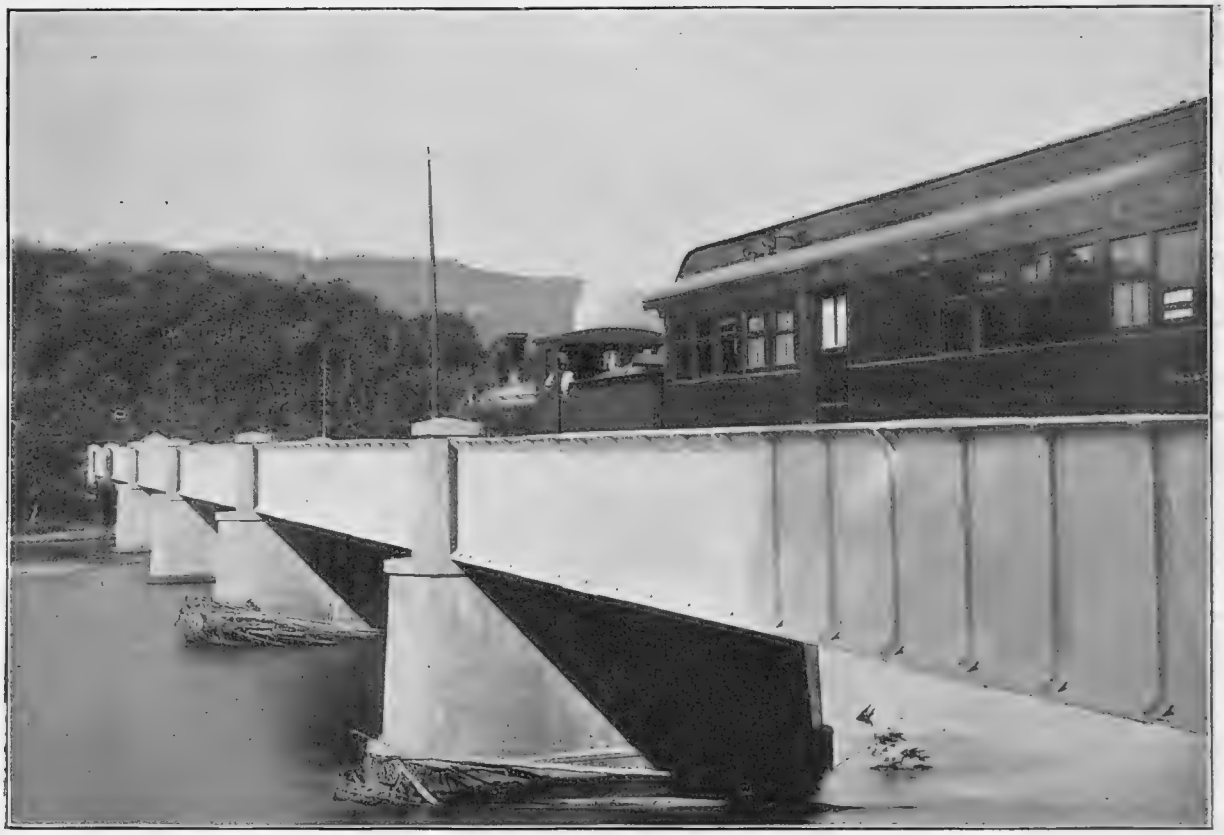
Jamaica is very rich in fruit and vegetation, bananas forming the staple fruit export

Donkey Transport is Used in the Banana Grove.

The natives, who are mostly small holders, are the chief growers of fruit

Newcastle, One of the Chief Places of Interest in Jamaica

The salubrious air of the interior attracts many invalids from the United States. There is a good racquet court at Newcastle and, indeed, tennis courts, cricket grounds, and all English games are found everywhere in Jamaica



On the Railroad to Rio Grande

Though travelling is slow, it is very comfortable. The corridor trains are airy and cool

Seen From the Train

A typical view of cocoanut trees, palms and cacti

Myrtle Bank Hotel

Unlike the majority of London suburban villas, this hotel is named after the real plant

The Wharfs at Port Antonio

The general air of griminess usually associated with wharfs and docks is here replaced by a delightful background of foliage

Port Antonio Showing Both Harbours

Along the winding roadway will be seen typical Jamaican villas with their gardens running down to the beach

Kingston "Looking Eastward to the Sea"

Kingston is the capital of Jamaica, and for its size possesses one of the finest harbours in the world. The town rose into being after Port Royal had been destroyed by earthquake

THE SLAVE DRIVER

By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

"Am I handsome to-night, Juliette?"

"Madame is always handsome."

"And pays well, eh, Juliette?"

"One would love to serve madame without pay, but—one cannot."

"Many do. Look, Juliette, at all that row of photographs round the room and my little special place for the most favoured of the moment. Henry, over there, was killed last week, he gave me this ring, give the photo to me, no stupid, the one with the black moustache. There, Henry I kiss you for my ring."

"The gentleman looks as if he could kiss."

"How do you know, Juliette? Oh, you knew him, Don't pull my hair. Juliette, you may burn Henry. I've no doubt now he's dead the picture will feel more at home in flames. My collar of pearls, Juliette; thank you. You have the ring that gentleman gave me, haven't you; Count Vasco I mean?"

"Yes, madame."

"I thought I gave it to you. Count Vasco is not dead; no, he's buried."

"Buried, madame?"

"Yes, Juliette, buried where no one can put flowers on his grave."

"I do not understand."

"Wormwood Scrubbs, child, fourteen years. More rouge, Juliette. There is no one in the special place now, Arthur Forbes was the last. Then I married—I thought a bride's dress would suit me; did it?"

"Madame looked angelic."

Madame smiled complacently. "I would put my husband's photo in the shrine, but he says he won't be in the slave band, so—as I dare not put anyone else there—the shrine is empty."

"Why not this one of Captain Lumsden, madame?"

"You talk too much, my girl. I don't pay for advice, though I'm sometimes blackmailed after I get it. You're a clever girl, Juliette."

"Madame flatters."

"When I flatter I want something. Do you like that white cloak, Juliette?"

"I adore it, madame."

"See that Captain Lumsden gets this note before twelve."

"And the cloak?"

"That's what I meant."

"Madame is kind."

"She is. Now am I dressed?"

"Madame is ready."

"How long have I kept dinner waiting?"

"An hour, madame."

"That will do. Marcus wants taming. Open the door."

Mrs. Marcus Lauderdale went down to a furious fuming gourmet husband, who, however, wreathed his blotchy face into a polite smile and they went in to dinner.

Lauderdale was not a bad man altogether, and he had a tenderness for his wife which he would not have exposed to her for all the world. He excused her to himself a hundred times a day; whenever she was selfishly generous to some poor flower girl or beggar, it was really paying a price to watch the pleasure on their faces, and her husband mistook it, or chose to mistake it, for kindness of heart and something soft under the icy manner she wore for company. He had once found her kneeling beside her bed, and had the inside heart of him blush to find how much he respected the action; had he known that she was hiding another man's letters in her hands and had done this on suddenly hearing him come into the room, he would possibly have hurt her; as it was she got a diamond ring the next day.

He called her the "Slave Driver," and laughed at the rows of willing captives whose photos were all around her room, little dreaming how near he was to being one of them himself.

The dining-room picture was very complete. The table covered with flowers and silver, the little pink shaded electric lights, some hidden in the flowers, some in old silver candlesticks, the beautifully served dinner and the general artificiality of the surroundings were a splendid setting to the pair, his white shirt front making his face look red, and she, carefully dressed, powdered and painted and scented. There was an exotic hot-house feeling about the room, and whenever she bent forward to speak to him, as her white breast rose and fell, it seemed to give off a strange heavy perfume which pleased but bewildered the senses.

The conversation had so little intimacy in it that they might, had they been seen by anybody, have been taken for society friends—a man dining with a woman who pleased his vanity, and a woman dining with a man who was just on the verge of boring her. They were very far apart from each other in most ideas. They had in common a knowledge of the world, a love of ease, and a respect for a good cook, and a wholesome dread of ever exposing any feelings whatever.

Dinner was over, and coffee was brought into Mrs. Lauderdale's room, where they had gone on leaving the dining-room. A cigar was graciously permitted. She smoked a cigarette, highly perfumed, with her initials in gold letters on the paper. The room smelt of Joss sticks and tube roses, it was a room in which a healthy woman would have fainted after half an hour. The whole atmosphere made one feel as if one had had a hot bath and stayed in it too long.

Mrs. Lauderdale lay on a divan piled high with soft coloured cushions: within reach was a little Moorish table, on which was a cigarette box, a little lamp, and a dish of preserved rose leaves. She looked at and admired the strength and whiteness of her own

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arms, laid one of them against the cushion to see the contrast of colour, and then she critically looked over her person to note the way her dress lay, and watch the firelight dancing on her shoes.

A servant brought in the coffee and liqueurs.

"Benedictine," said Mrs. Lauderdale, and turned to her husband. "It is so fat and sliding one never suspects its strength; I love Benedictine."

He drank brandy. For some minutes they sipped and smoked in silence.

"Won anything to-day, dear?" she said.

"All wrong 'uns, bar one," he said, from his chair.

"Come and kiss me," she said. He came over to her.

"How much did he make, eh? enough for a ring for his wife?"

"I'm sorry I've blued the lot."

"Cards?" asked she, still stroking his hair.

He nodded.

"I shall have to forbid those naughty cards."

"But, my dear——"

"Hush, the servants!"

The footman came in with the letters.

Mrs. Lauderdale put four of them at once into the fire, looked at one of the two left; it was in a woman's handwriting. She opened it; it began heroically, "You have ruined my brother." She looked at the ending with slightly knit brows, paused, and committed it also to the flames. She looked at her husband; he was absorbed in his own correspondence, and she tore open the last note. It was apparently satisfactory enough to find a place in her breast.

Her husband looked up and saw the dying flickers of her letter in the fire.

"Hello, slave driver, branding another victim!" he said; "try one of these."

He held out a cigarette case. She smiled and took one. He held up the spirit lamp to her, and noticed a ring on her finger which he had not seen there before. "New ring," he said, laconically. "Bet," she answered, and the trouble was over.

At half-past eleven Mrs. Lauderdale's maid arrived with a note for her. The envelope looked curious and was rather dirty.

Lauderdale was reading a sporting novel. She took it up and glanced an inquiry at Juliette.

"*Une réponse?*"

"*Oui*, madame."

"Talk the King's English, it's good enough," growled Lauderdale.

Mrs. Lauderdale opened the note and read this:

"You have played with me, and made me love you, made me spend all I had on you. I never asked for any return but one bit of love, one little bit. You saw a diamond brooch and said you would exchange a kiss for it. You got the brooch. I . . . well, you know, I cheated at the club and it was found out. You drove me to it, to drink, to the devil; I am in a starving condition, none of my family will look at me. I can't do honest work. I am going to kill myself to-night unless you send down word to me that you will know me again, and that you care that I should live. God, how I want to see you again. I'll work for it somehow, I'll do anything for a word of love. Will you give it to me?—Arthur Forbes."

She read it more than once, then turned to her husband and said,

"Marcus, I forgive the cards, give me a sovereign." He passed one to Juliette.

"Give it to the poor man, and tell him to get a meal. You understand, Juliette, and tell him not to trouble me any more."

"Yes, Madame."

"What is that?" asked her husband.

"A clever begging letter, dear."

To Lauderdale the action seemed just what he expected of his wife, and he mentally respected it, and then he turned to his book, and, later, slept over it.

To Mrs. Lauderdale the action seemed the only possible solution of the trouble, but she listened anxiously, half wondering how much "drink" a sovereign would buy, thinking that her husband's term of "slave driver" was perhaps over well merited. The only sound in the room was the regular breathing of Lauderdale.

. . . . . .

Down the street a faint noise of a shot was heard. Lauderdale woke up and said, "Come in." Mrs. Lauderdale, her hands moist and clenched, her face white, sat looking hard into the fire.

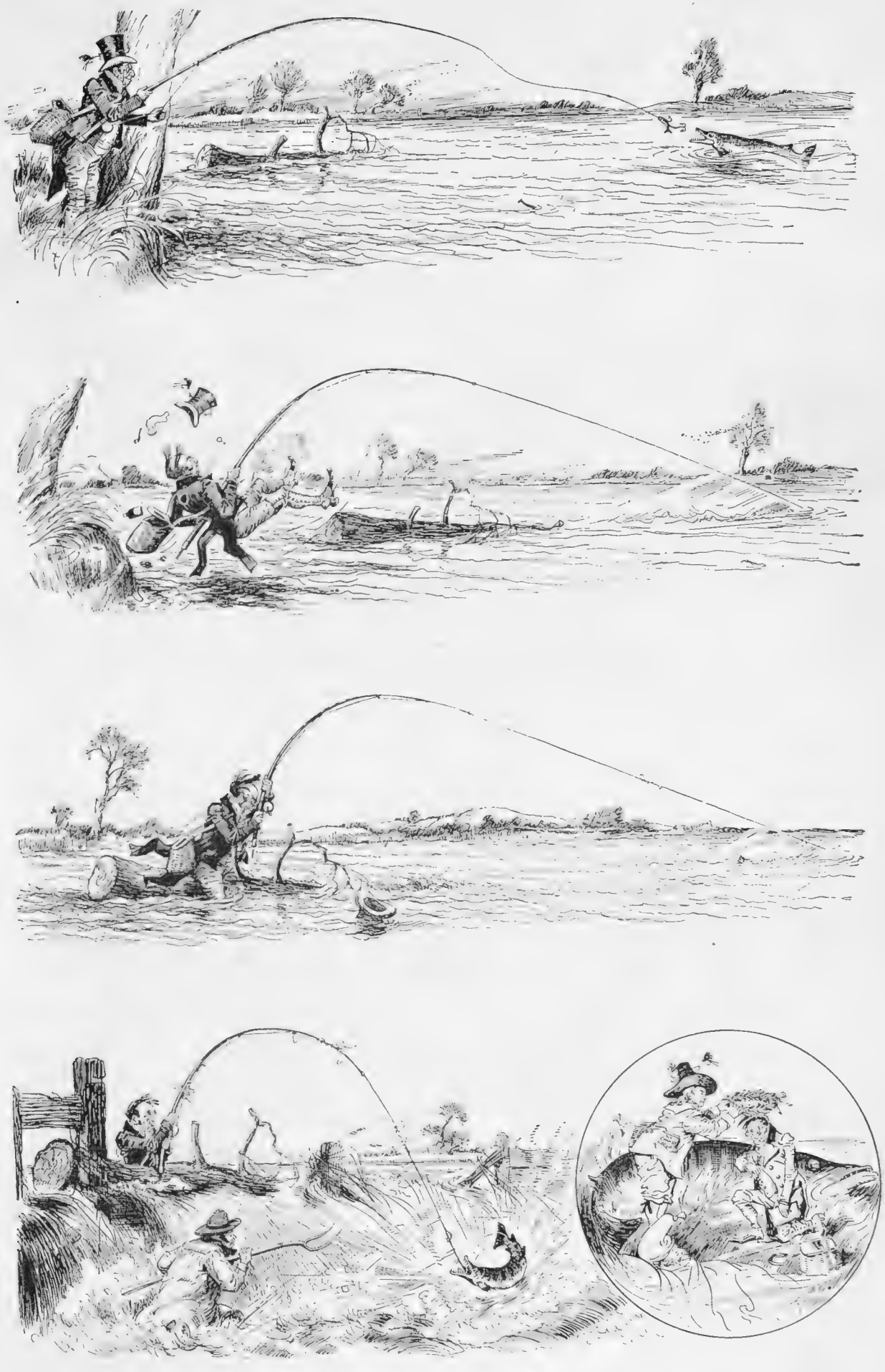
TWO PHRASES

(After Shelley)

One phrase men too often profane
  For me to profane it;
They use it again and again
  Till I loathe and disdain it.
What punishment, tell me, will fit
  That digestive vagary
Which made men believe it was wit
  Just to say "Little Mary"?

The phrase I have mentioned above
  Has a natural brother;
And I give not what men call love
  To one or the other:
My soul, though as hardy as most,
  Is stung as with lashes,
When they tell me that Warner can boast
  He will "bring back the ashes"!

F. J. C.



MR. NIMROD AND THE DEMON PIKE

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. J. A. Bramston

Mr. Bramston hails from that splendid nursery of fine golfers, Westward Ho, that lovely course which has produced such grand players as J. H. Taylor and Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and in earlier days the Allans and Mr. Arthur Molesworth. Were it not for the out-of-the-way position of the links, Westward Ho would long ago have made good its claim to be one of the Championship courses; but it is a far cry to get there from Scotland, and so it has to put up with its position of splendid isolation. But I strongly advise any golfer who wishes for a charming summer holiday, with perfect golf, to go down there, and taste the delights of its unrivalled greens, and make acquaintance with the terrors of its famous rushes. Mr. Bramston is the latest golfing product of Westward Ho, but he promises to be by no means the least, if the expectations raised by his first appearance in the Amateur Championship are fulfilled. This admirable *début* was made by Mr. Bramston at Sandwich, in 1900, when he was still an undergraduate at Oxford. Having defeated some very tough antagonists, Mr. Bramston only succumbed in the semi-finals to Mr. Robb after a very close tussle. So well was he playing in his earlier matches, and so imperturbable seemed his temperament and nerve, that many prophets thought that he would get into the final and make a good bid for premier honours. We were then in the ante-Haskell days, and it will give my readers a fair idea of Mr. Bramston's hitting powers when I say that on the day preceding the final he carried on to the green with his second at the fourteenth hole in the course of both his morning and afternoon match. I followed both his matches that day, and was particularly struck by this prodigious performance. His tee shot, in both cases, was a little short of the water, and then followed this lusty crack, the ball flying, like a bullet, straight for the pin. Mr. Bramston was not allowed by his *Alma Mater* to desert the cloistered seclusion of Oxford for the arena of St. Andrews in 1901, and he did not re-appear in the competition till 1902, at Hoylake. He was then chosen as one of the English representatives in the first international match, and in the Championship itself he did very well indeed, defeating several very strong players, and only succumbing in the fourth round to the ultimate winner, Mr. Hutchings. During Mr. Low's American tour Mr. Bramston's affection for the gutty ball seems to have militated somewhat against his success. I do not know whether hard facts have convinced him of the futility of standing by the old order of balls, but if he manages to be off with the old love and on with the new we shall no doubt see him to advantage again this year at Sandwich, the scene of his remarkable first appearance. Mr. Bramston plays all departments of the game well, and is a particularly good putter. The illustration shows him in the characteristic capless condition in which he appears on the links.

Mr. J. A. Bramston
In the characteristic capless condition in which he appears on the links

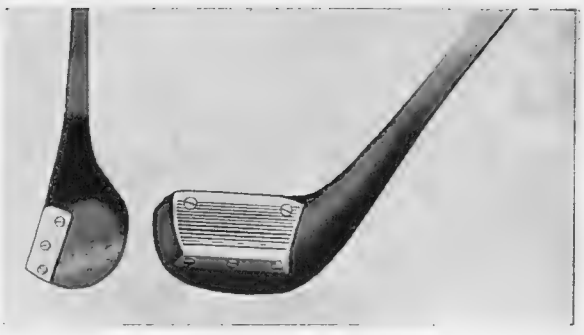
Mr. F. Mackenzie

Mr. Mackenzie is one of the strongest of the local St. Andrews players, and has done many fine performances on his home green. He hasgiven a very good account of himself in the Amateur Championships of the last few years, and he was one of the Scottish representatives in the first international match at Hoylake, when he defeated his strong young antagonist, the Hon. O. Scott, who has recently, in company with Mr. Hutchinson, so worthily upheld the honour of Biarritz in the annual match against Pau. If Mr. Mackenzie were only gifted with a stronger physique, I think there is small doubt but that he would some day carry off the Amateur Championship, for he is a really admirable player, and lacks none of the science of any of his antagonists. He is a charming player to watch, and plays all the characteristic St. Andrews strokes to perfection. If he can only gain in strength and health, I have no hesitation in prophesying a great future for him.

The Cuirass Driver

Ever since the appearance of the Haskell ball, club-makers have been applying their ingenuity to the task of solving the problem as to what is the best substance for the face of the club. Golfers noticed at once that the rubber-cored balls flew off an iron club much more easily than off a wooden one. Consequently inventors began facing the wooden clubs with various substances such as horn and metal plates. I have recently had submitted to me an invention of the London Golf Company, of 13, Copthall Avenue, which in my humble judgment has satisfactorily solved the problem. Their invention consists of a steel cuirass, as they call it, which is fixed to the face and sole of the club by screws, two screws at the top of the face at either end, and two in the sole. The actual weight of the cuirass and screws is only 17 dwt. The face of the cuirass is grooved with the patent underspin grooving, the result of those interesting tests which the late Professor Tait carried out at St. Andrews to prove his theory that the ball hit with underspin carried further than a ball hit otherwise. These cuirass clubs have no horn sole, the necessity for that being done away with by the steel plate being fixed in its place. It is hardly necessary to point out what an admirable invention this is in such a wet season as we have been suffering from; the face of the club protected by this steel shield is practically indestructible, and you can pound away through any amount of rain without damaging it at all. I found that the ball went splendidly off the steel face with a long carry. The club sent to me was beautifully finished, and

Mr. F. Mackenzie
A well-known player at St. Andrews



The Cuirass Driver

amply bore out all the claims made by the Company on its behalf. These "cuirasses" are fitted by the Company to drivers, spoons and brassies, or any description of wooden club, and I understand that great care is exercised in the selection of the steel of which they are composed, so that, although the initial price is somewhat heavier than that of an ordinary club, yet the added length of life of the head would amply compensate for the extra expense.

An Excellent Grip

In addition to this invention the Company have also got a preparation which they apply to the leather grips of the clubs, giving them that smooth adhesive kindly feeling in the hand, which is so difficult to get in cold and wet weather. Personally, as I hold my clubs very tight with both hands, I have been a great sufferer from this want of a satisfactory grip. The rubber grips are all very well in fine weather, but woe to the unfortunate wight who is caught in a severe rain storm during a match with these rubber grips on his handles. Then, too, the rubber gets torn, and it comes pretty expensive to have continually to replace rubber grips. Pitch and beeswax compositions are excellent in warm weather, but are rather trying to the hands, while the constant application of these substances to the leather makes it so shiny and smooth that in cold and windy weather it is almost impossible to hold the club. Consequently, I have been delighted at this discovery of the London Golf Company, and have had all my club-handles covered with grips treated by their process. The Company will not sell this preparation, as they do not want their secret to be discovered and reproduced. They prefer to put on the grips themselves, but they will send out as many grips as a golfer may want ready to be put on. I have been playing with the greatest comfort with these grips on several very cold north-east wind days, and whereas formerly I was unable on such days to get anything but a slippery grip I am now able to hold the club perfectly firm. In fact, this preparation seems at once to give the leather that warm and friendly feeling in the hand which in old days by constant use the leather grips gradually acquired, and to which Mr. Hutchinson so eloquently refers in the columns of a contemporary. He attributes the impossibility of getting the grips into that perfect state nowadays to the invention of the club bags, the constant pulling out and replacing of the clubs being fatal to the grips, whereas in former times the caddy just carried the clubs in a bundle under his arm.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Melbourne

Our photographs this week are of Melbourne, Derbyshire, one of the seats of Earl Cowper, K.G. The gardens were laid out by Wise, early in the eighteenth century, and are excellent examples of the art of the period. The "house pond," which forms the foreground to the first photograph, is about seventy yards square, the side opposite to the house being broken by a deep semi-circular bay, at the head of which stands the famous bird-cage arbour. There are also garden-houses in other parts of the grounds, one at each end of a string of fountain pools, and there is much fine topiary work and statuary, of which latter the "Four Seasons" vase is a notable instance. These famous gardens have been developed on the lines their designer intended for two hundred years, and the yew walk, of which we give an illustration, is one of the best examples of a "pleached alley" in the country.

Violets

Almost every gardener, however small the plot of ground he cultivates, and however firmly he may set his face against the labour and expense involved in "glass," will wish to possess at least one violet frame, so that in the dead months of the winter he may be able to gladden his heart with the most fragrant of all fragrant flowers. Violets are amongst the hardiest of flowers, and in mild winters buds in the open will yield a good harvest of bloom. But for the best and surest results the slight protection of a frame is necessary, and there will be few who will grudge it. The violet is not difficult to grow, but it needs constant care, more, perhaps, in the summer, when the plants are resting than in their flowering season. The following instructions are founded on hints given by a most successful raiser of violets, and as the time is coming when a start can be made in their culture, they will be useful here.

Earth and Air

The chief necessity of the violet is pure air, and for this reason it is useless to try and grow them in town gardens, or even in the nearer suburbs. Other necessities are shade and sun at different seasons, and moisture. The violet is not particular as to soil, but the best results will be gained from one that is full of humus, or decayed vegetable matter; rank animal manure is harmful to them, although well-decayed cow manure is suitable, because of its coolness. Heavy soil must be lightened with leaf mould, road scrapings, or river sand.

Photo by *Keene*

Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire, One of the Seats of Earl Cowper, K.G.

The gardens are laid out in eighteenth century style. The "house-pond" in the above illustration is seventy yards square

Photo by *Keene*

A Glimpse of Melbourne Hall from the Summer House

A Selection A selection of the best kinds to grow is a simple matter. Of the double kinds *Marie Louise* is the best of the light coloured varieties, *Bertha Barron* of the dark, and *Comte de Brazza* of the white. Of the single kinds *Princess of Wales* is perhaps the best, with enormous flowers as big as a florin, borne on stems a foot in length, but *La France* is almost as good. The best single white violet is *White Czar*.

The Beginning A beginning may be made in the early autumn, in which case the plants will go straight into the frames, or in the spring, when they must be planted in the beds prepared for them in the garden. First, as to the preparation of these beds. They must be shaded from the mid-day sun, but not under trees. North or east borders are the best, or the shady side of a hedge. The beds must be prepared some time before the planting takes place—say ten days. Old manure and half-rotted leaves may be dug into them, but the manure must be dug in deeply. If the plants are taken from frames where they have already flowered, they should be left until they have finished, about mid-April. They will then begin to grow and to throw out new leaves. Soak them well with rain or pond water, and take the lights entirely off, except in front. Take up the plants at the end of April and pull them to pieces, choosing only strong, single crowns, with plenty of root.

Planting Out The plants should be placed about sixteen inches apart. When the ground is ready for them, mix plenty of turfy loam, leaf mould, and clean, sharp river sand, dig holes with a trowel about five inches across, and fill them with the mixture. The roots, planted in these prepared places, will strike well. Soak the plants well with soft water, and keep them thoroughly moist.

Summer Treatment The chief duties of the summer will be to keep the soil sweet and free from weeds by continuous hoeing, to see that the plants never lack moisture, to frustrate the unwelcome attentions of the red spider, and to prevent the growth of runners. Constant attention, therefore, is necessary. The beds ought to be gone over every few days, and all the runners, which the plants will quickly begin to make, picked off.

The Red Spider Now as to the red spider, the pest to which violets are chiefly subjected. This pest attacks them virulently if the plants are allowed to become dry, and continuous watering will do much to allay it; but when the plants are lifted from the frames they must be examined, and, if found to be infected, treated with an insect killer. The following mixture is recommended in Mr. E. T. Cook's book on "Violets and Pansies," to which the reader is advised to turn if he wants fuller information than can be given here :

The emulsion should consist of one wineglassful of paraffin to a gallon of water, adding a quarter of a pound of soft soap, and the same of flowers of sulphur. These ingredients should be mixed to a paste in a mortar first and the gallon of water added afterwards.

The plants should be dipped in this mixture before planting, and if the red spider attacks them during the summer, they should be syringed with it, its strength reduced by one half.

The Frames

The plants ought to be transferred to the frames early in September. These must be filled up to within six inches of the glass with turfy loam, a little peat, leaf mould, and a little broken charcoal, and must be placed full south. Remember that the soil will sink a little. When settled, it should not be more than nine inches from the glass. Take up the plants without breaking the ball of roots, and plant them about a foot apart. Water well and shade from the hot sun for a week. The plants, while during the summer they are grateful for shade, now, when they are once firmly established, need the sun. They must always have abundance of air and light, the lights should be taken off entirely in the autumn when there is no fear of frost or very hot sun. Later on, they should be tilted four or five inches at the back every morning, unless there is frost. In December, line the frames outside with long litter to keep out frost, and protect with mats over the lights at night. Every now and then go over the plants and pick off all mouldy leaves, and hunt well for slugs. Follow these directions, and you will be able to gather violets from October until April.

Photo by *Keene*

The Yew Walk at Melbourne

One of the best examples of a "pleached alley," in the country

Photo by **The "Four Seasons" Vase at Melbourne Hall** *Keene*

The gardens contain fine topiary work and statuary, of which latter the above illustration is a notable example

OUR SECOND BI-WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION

NO LONG DRAWN-OUT SCHEME—ONE HAND ONLY

In consequence of the intervention of Easter, we shall be compelled to postpone the publication of the names of the prize-winners in our First Bi-Weekly Competition till April 13.

THE BYSTANDER offers its readers three prizes every other week for the best solutions of the play, at Double Dummy, of the different hands which will be set out on this page.

1st Prize	**£3**	**3**	**0**
2nd Prize	**£2**	**2**	**0**
3rd Prize	**£1**	**1**	**0**

All solutions to the hand given this week must reach the office of THE BYSTANDER not later than the first post on Friday, April 8. The names and addresses of the winners will appear in our issue for April 20.

In our alternate issues (*i.e.*, every other week), until a notification to the contrary be made, other hands will be given, with like prizes, for the correct solutions of the play.

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. No entrance fee is required.

2. When you have worked out your solution of the play of the hand, cut out the coupon on page IV. at the end of the paper, write your full name and address, your *nom de guerre*, or initials, in the spaces provided for them, pin the coupon to your solution, and enclose them in an envelope addressed as follows:

"BYSTANDER" WEEKLY BRIDGE COMPETITION
The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

3. In the event of a competitor wishing to send in more than one solution of the play of any hand, he must pin another coupon to each different solution. No one competitor may send in more than a dozen solutions.

4. If a competitor wishes to give reasons for doubling, redoubling, or for a particular point of play, he should write them on a separate sheet of paper and pin it to his solution and coupon.

5. No other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, discussions of points of play, suggestions, reports of hands must be sent in a separate envelope.

6. The hands are to be regarded as being played AT DOUBLE DUMMY.

7. Competitors should follow the rules of leading and play laid down by any of the well-known writers on the game. The end to be aimed at is that all four hands should be played as perfectly as possible.

8. Competitors are requested to be as neat as possible in writing out their solutions. We should advise them to set them out in the following formula—

Trick.	Y	B	Z	A
1	♦ J	♦ K	♦ 2	♦ 3
2	♥ A	♥ K	♥ 7	♥ 5
3	♦ 10	♦ A	♦ 5	♦ 7
etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.	etc.

underlining the winning card in each trick.

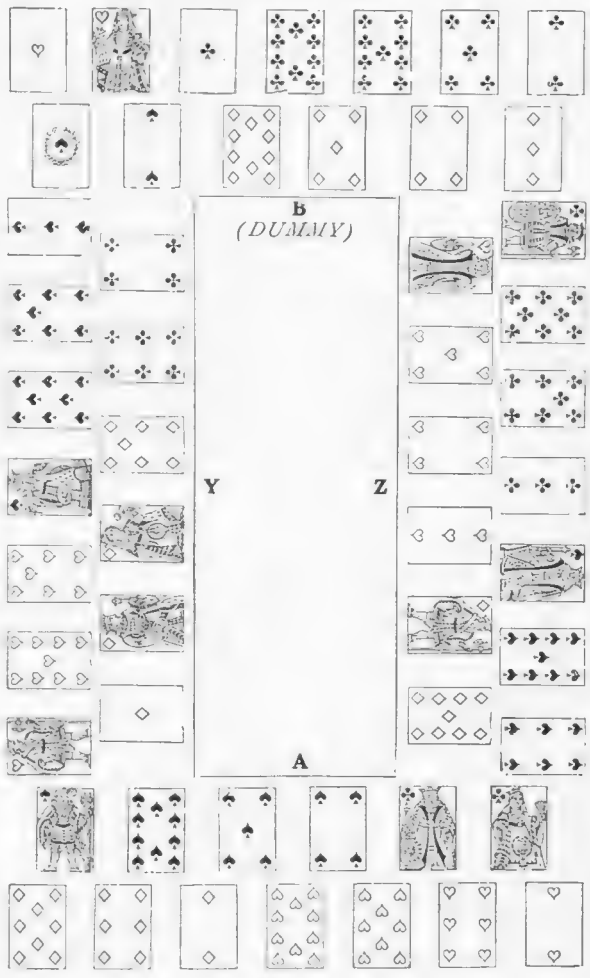
9. Competitors should write the declaration and result of the play of each hand at the *head* of their solutions; thus—

A B win 8 tricks. Y Z 5 tricks.

10. Competitors must comply strictly with the above rules, or they will diminish their chances of success. The Editor's decision will be final in every instance.

OUR SECOND BI-WEEKLY COMPETITION.

DOUBLE DUMMY.



SCORE.

A B 26
Y Z ... ... Love

A deals and leaves it to his dummy.

I have been taken to task for allowing the players in the last hand of our big £25 competition to double up to 192. I am always being assured that some clubs only allow doubling up to 100 a trick. Now, doubling seems to me to be a matter for the choice of the players. If you are playing with sound players you cannot come to much harm; and some of the hardest-fought hands I have known have been played with spades at 128 a trick. Of course, I should not care to play with cheery millionaires at modest penny points, and presently find myself, owing to their sportive doubling, playing at pound points; but with good players I see no need to limit the doubling.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Correspondence of William Cowper." Edited by Thomas Wright. 4 vols. (Hodder and Stoughton: £3 3*s.* net.)

"The Confessions of a Physician." By V. Voresaeff. Translated from the Russian by Simeon Linden. (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

"Great Golfers: Their Methods at a Glance." By George W. Beldam. Illustrated by 268 Photographs of Champions at Play. (Macmillan: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Woman with the Fan." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Vineyard." By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Anna, the Adventuress." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"What Ought She to Do?" By Florence Warden. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

Untamed Europe

"Through the Lands of the Serb." By Mary E. Durham. (Edwin Arnold. London: 1904.)

So much has been heard of late concerning the lamentable scarcity of eligible bachelors that Miss Durham's book will probably cause a great flutter in the world of despairing spinsters, and we may expect a general exodus to Servia and Montenegro in consequence. Think of it! Innumerable offers of marriage from Servians, Montenegrins, Hungarians, and even a policeman on duty in Belgrade! In this part of the world which English travellers, having their gaze fixed further afield, are apt to overlook, where the English visitors for the last half century are individually remembered, the author was naturally, wherever she went, the centre of an admiring crowd, eager for details concerning her past history, the number of her brothers, how many Turks they had killed, and finally:

"Art married?" "No." Great excitement and much whispering. "Wait, wait," says a woman, and she shouts "Milosh! Milosh!" at the top of her voice. Milosh edges his way through the crowd. He is a tall, sun-tanned thing of about eighteen years, with the eyes of a startled stag. His mother stands on tiptoe and whispers in his ear that this is a chance not to be lightly thrown away. A broad smile spreads over Milosh's face. He looks coy and twiddles his fingers. "Ask her! Ask her!" say the ladies encouragingly. "Ask her," say the men. Milosh plucks up courage, thumps his chest, and blurts out, "Wilt thou have me?" "No, thank you," I say laughing; and Milosh retires amid the jeers of his compatriots, but really much relieved. "Milosh, thou art not beautiful enough," say the men; and they suggest one Gavro as being more likely to please. . . . Five offers in twenty minutes is about my highest record.

These regions of Europe have a bad name, and few would care to think of them as a holiday resort, but Miss Durham's reception was such that the next time she visited the neighbourhood she did so alone. This was distinctly plucky, but she is modest, and remarks:

As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the rows that occur all over the world between different nationalities arise from someone's indiscreet attentions to someone else's girl. And this is why a lady travelling almost always has a friendly welcome, for on this point, at any rate, she is above suspicion.

It is more likely that her immunity was due to the rare gift of intuitive sympathy with her hosts; she respected their prejudices, and they made allowance for hers, even to the extent of providing her with a separate apartment. She went among them as a friend, lodging at primitive inns, cottages, and monasteries, and everywhere met with a hospitality which seems to have come straight out of the Odyssey. Some of the scenes are delightful:

We all stood up while they crossed themselves, then Madame uncovered the caldron, and we squatted round it and set to work. . . . We dipped out of the caldron, and offered one another the tit-bits. When the lamb's head was fished up, Monsieur was grieved that I should not have had it, and, pulling out the eyes and tongue, offered me them in his hand. In order to make me understand exactly what the morsel was, they put out their own tongues and waggled them about.

Next morning the author breakfasted with a Montenegrin who had been *kavass* to the British and Foreign Bible Society in Constantinople. He knew all about the English, and to prove his knowledge hailed her with "a cat, a dog, a 'orse, a 'and, a man," and some dozen other words. He further informed the company that for breakfast, "The English always ate a little piece of pig with an egg on it. This so fired the Albanian's imagination that he leaped up with the intention of scouring the neighbourhood for fragments of pig, and I had some difficulty in checking the pig-chase." The theory of life here is easy to understand, "Do unto others as they do unto you," and the dislikes of the native are as whole-hearted as his likes. The dislikes are simple, and are summed up in the word "Turk." Hatred and fear of the Turk are present everywhere, and ruined fortresses dotted over the land, each the centre of some dramatic tale of a struggle for freedom, prove that that hatred is not unfounded. Every misfortune, of whatever nature, is ascribed to the Turk.

Even when Miss Durham's umbrella was lost from her saddle, her guide in his wrath laid the blame on the detested Turk. "Oh, the devils!" said Dutsi, "they have lost your devil of an umbrella." So much for comedy; let us now turn to tragedy. Miss Durham had put in for shelter to a humble cottage, belonging to a poor family of Montenegrins; there

she found that the little daughter was suffering from a badly scalded foot, and was able, by the aid of a simple dressing, considerably to alleviate the pain:

> Then a terrible thing happened. The woman threw down a little maize and called the hens. They came, a white and a yellow one. There was a whispered talk, and I heard "the pretty one." The yellow hen was caught and given to the lame child to hold. "Now we shall have no more eggs!" she said sadly. I was horrified, for I grasped at once that the hen was to be sacrified to me. I begged for its life. "Thou must eat meat," said my host. I pleaded vainly that I had eggs and cheese in my bag. "Thou hast given," he said, pointing to the child's foot, "and we must give. This night thou shalt eat meat."

And nothing that the author could say availed to turn him from his purpose. There is something of the sublime in the story of this primitive *Ser Federigo*.

There is so much worth quoting that it is difficult to know where to stop; but space is limited, and even the genius (a Hungarian official this time) who, after scrutinising the author's passport, inscribed her in the police-book as "Salisbury," must be regretfully passed over; also the charming old pastor of a little mountain shrine near Ostrog, who looked more like a magnificent Leonardo da Vinci than a living human being; whose piety recalls all that is best in mediævalism, and whose simplicity recalls the still more remote Homeric age. To say that the book is full of interest and amusement is weak, considering at once its many virtues and the hackneyed nature of these terms. It is the work of a born traveller, and an acute and appreciative observer, one, moreover, who has a decided talent for description and an enviable sense of humour.

Miss Durham remarks: "In these out-of-the-way corners the reputation of the Empire depends entirely on the conduct of the two or three individuals who happen to have represented it, and the responsibility is great." The reader will reply that in her hands, at least, that reputation is safe. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

If only we had a few Conan Doyles among the detectives at Scotland Yard, what a thrilling series of books they might give us! Perhaps some hitherto unsuspected talent in this direction may be discovered in the separate volumes of reminiscences coming from two of the best-known officials connected with the force—both, however, now retired. One of these, entitled "Scotland Yard Experiences," is by G. H. Greenham, late Chief Inspector, Scotland Yard, who accompanied Queen Victoria on all her Continental travels, and naturally has many interesting things to say regarding them. His daughter has illustrated the book, which Messrs. Routledge are publishing. The second work is by John Sweeney, late Detective-Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department, who gives his exciting experiences of twenty-five years' service at Scotland Yard. This book is announced by Mr. Grant Richards.

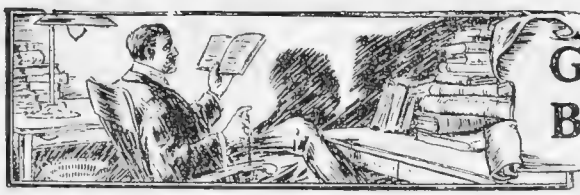
Mr. Hall Caine's new novel will be entitled "The Prodigal Son," and will mark a return to the broad human themes by which he won his laurels in "The Deemster" and "The Bondman." The scene is laid partly in Iceland and partly at home. Mr. Heinemann hoped to publish the book late in the summer—for Mr. Hall Caine is one of the few novelists who can afford to be independent of the regular publishing seasons—but the author has been overworking himself, and his period of enforced rest may delay its appearance somewhat. This may also affect the drama which is to be founded upon it.

A new edition of Fairbairn's "Book of Crests"—a costly but invaluable work of its kind, which is at present out of print—is of importance to the ever-increasing number of new families, and recipients of fresh grants of arms. The new edition, which Messrs. Jack have in preparation, is also necessary owing to the constant immigration of families of foreign origin using crests hitherto found in no English book of reference. All these will be included in the forthcoming reprint.

A fantastic book of fiction—a sort of up-to-date edition of the story books of some of the earliest romancers—will be published towards the middle of next month by Mr. Heinemann. A party of eccentric individuals are found trespassing in the garden of a beautiful lady, who, instead of prosecuting, entertains them to tea and bids them to come again. Several visits follow, in the course of which they relate stories, play croquet, and generally entertain themselves. They end by all falling in love with their hostess. The book is entitled "The Court of Sacharissa," and the authors are Messrs. N. M. Meakin and H. T. Sheringham.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Rulers of Kings"—concerning the audacity of which we shall probably hear a good deal shortly—will be ready on April 14. The rulers of the romance, as already announced, are the present Emperors of Austria and Germany, and we understand that the story of the Archduke Rudolf is also introduced. In order to round off her plot, Mrs. Atherton has invented for her heroine a daughter of the Austrian Emperor, young and beautiful; while her hero is an idealised American, born to countless millions, with brains and ambitions to use them. The action centres about the Hungarian crisis, in which the heroine uses her personal charm first to subjugate the Hungarians and then to detach from the Kaiser his American ally, who can furnish the funds of war.

Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, in his new book, "The Gems of the East: Sixteen Thousand Miles of Research Travel among Wild and Tame Tribes of Enchanting Islands," covers another little-known part of the mysterious Far East. He has already been "Alone with the Hairy Ainu," and through Korea, Tibet, and China; this time he has been spending a year among the cannibals, head-hunters, pirates, and the other hospitable gentry of the Sulu and Philippine Archipelagoes—some 1,400 islands altogether. Many of the tribes he met are practically unknown, and naturally he had some extraordinary experiences to relate. His work fills two volumes, and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in May.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

A Brilliant Lady-Novelist

The very latest book I have read is "The Man in the Wood," by Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd, who is steadily building up a reputation as a writer of fiction. What attracts me to the work of this very gifted lady is her quality of humour, in which most of our women novelists are notoriously deficient. More, Mrs. Boyd's writing is touched with style, and has a pleasant literary flavour, another unusual quality in the woman-author. Her first novel appeared only two years ago, and showed that its writer was the possessor of more than ordinary gifts. "With Clipped Wings," as the book was called, relied for its success on no striking plot, nor on any very deep probing to the heart of things, but it was written with so much grace and so kindly a humour that none could vote it other than one of the pleasantest of stories. The same qualities appear again in "The Man in the Wood." There is nothing remarkably new in the *motif* of the tale; indeed, there is much that is old; but there is the fragrance of lavender about it, and the little group of characters are all drawn with true insight and observation. I like Mrs. Boyd all the better for the *naïveté* with which she allows her affections for the children of her imagination to manifest themselves. She is remarkably free from the habit of interjecting her own opinions in the course of the narrative, though I confess that is a literary vice I am always willing to condone, if not to encourage. But when she does venture on an opinion it is fresh, and without suspicion of platitude. "Folks may jest at swelled head," she says, "but lucky they who, even for a fleeting space, have felt the benign self-assurance it bestows. Could mortal choose the malady whereof he must die, of a certainty swelled head would be acclaimed the most popular. Though, as some wit has said, the worst thing about that disease is that it never kills."

From a drawing by A. S. Boyd

Mrs. Mary Stuart Boyd

A Literary and Artistic Partnership

Although Mrs. Boyd is among the newer recruits to the "far-flung battle-line" of our popular novelists, she has written a great deal for many of our leading journals, and was a contributor to the old *Scots Observer* in the hey-day of Henley's editorship. But her first book was a most vivacious account of a trip round the world with her husband, Mr. A. S. Boyd, the well-known black-and-white artist. This, entitled "Our Stolen Summer," appeared four years ago, and she has made excellent use of some of her travel experiences in her new novel. Hailing from Glasgow, where they first made the friendship of Bret Harte, which continued on the most intimate terms until the death of the famous Californian author, the Boyds have been settled in St. John's Wood for upwards of twelve years, and their quaint old house, "The Hut," is well known to most of the interesting folk in literary and artistic circles, for Mrs. Boyd is a delightful hostess. The workroom at "The Hut," where the one plies his busy pencil and the other her leisurely pen, contains numerous curiosities picked up in their wanderings abroad. Some time ago a South African utensil hanging on the wall developed an enormous and uncanny maggot, which throve amazingly and enjoyed the companionship of others of its kind. All sorts of poisons failed to destroy the Colonial invaders, who had remarkable gifts in the way of tunnelling; so, fearful lest they might attack the very structure of "The Hut," and, remembering the Lord

High Executioner's remedy of "something lingering with boiling oil," Mr. Boyd seized the abode of the maggots and boiled the lot! Since this drastic action, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, like the hero and heroine of "The Man in the Wood," have lived happy ever after, and may say with the fascinating Veka, "No hing and Nobody can ever depress us again!"

A Phil May Story

It may be beyond the borderline of my province to tell a story of one who was not a writer of books, but since I have had occasion to ment on one humorist of the pencil, in the person of Mr. A. S. Boyd, I may be permitted to refer to another, and the greatest of all in our time, the late Phil May. Mr. Will Owen, himself one of our most accomplished humorous artists, tells me that he was sketching one Sunday morning in Lambeth Walk, where they hold a kind of Petticoat Lane market every Sunday, when a loafer came up to him and said, "I say guv'nor, you might do old Uncle Joe." "Who's Uncle Joe?" the artist asked. "Oh, he's a fair treat, 'e's got what I calls a reg'lar Phil May dial!" This is surely an extraordinary evidence of the universality of Phil May's fame. I notice, by the way, that soon after Easter, Messrs. Sotheby are to offer for sale a small pen-and-ink portrait of the famous artist done by himself and inscribed in his autograph, "Phil May's Bust: Has he?" Another item to be put up at auction is a letter to the editor of *Fun*, dated from the Grand Theatre, Leeds, Monday, July 14, 1882: "Dear Sir,—Are you able to give me an engagement on your staff as comic draughtsman? I am rather good in portraiture and that sort of thing, etc.," with two sketches by Phil May.

"End Papers"

I suspect I am not alone in deploring the disappearance of an old feature of books, in the shape of what are known in the trade as "end papers." These are announcements of new and forthcoming works from the same publishing house that has sent out the book in which they appear. It used to be that every book contained such pages, but now they are absent from the vast majority of new volumes. Personally, I have often found these end papers more entertaining reading than the book in which they were fixed, and to glance through old tomes to-day containing such advertisments is a pleasant pastime, not untouched by sadness, when one recalls the hopes and ambitions of numberless authors, now forgotten, which these announcements indicated. In an old book the other night I found the following: "New work by Richard Le Gallienne, 'Tavern Nights.' Crown 8vo." That is a book which has never been published. And here is a quaint paragraph I chanced upon in the pages of a literary journal for April, 1892: "Mr. Andrew Lang has already published a 'Red' and a 'Blue' Fairy Book, and we hear that he is now engaged upon another volume of fairy stories, which is to be issued under the title of the 'Green' Fairy Book.'" Since then Mr. Andrew Lang has turned out a fairy book of some shade or colour every year until there is scarcely a tint in the rainbow remaining to him. Will he stop when the colours give out?

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. William Watson, LL.D.

William Watson, LL.D.

The fact that Aberdeen University has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Mr. William Watson is of interest if only to remind us how seldom any of the English Universities condescend to honour thus a distinguished man of letters who has not had a university education. Aberdeen has been especially liberal in this respect, and among living men who have been chosen for its honorary LL.D. is Mr. John Mackintosh, a local newsagent, who wrote "A History of Civilisation in Scotland," while the late James Croll, a self-taught scholar, the author of "The Philosophy of Theism," had his labours similarly recognised by St. Andrews. Mr. Barrie, who was an alumnus of Edinburgh University, received his degree, LL.D., from St. Andrews, and I rejoice that he is one of the few Scotsmen who do not care to have their names prefixed with "Dr." Mr. Crosland made a palpable hit when he satirised the weakness of Scots for parading this honour. If Englishmen who possess it were as fond of displaying it as a prefix, the personal columns of our press would simply be peppered with "Drs." A certain tobacco vendor is the only person who insists on sticking it before the name of Mr. Barrie. Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, and scores of others are as much entitled to be "Doctored" as many other celebrities whose names would sound strange without the title. We may suppose that Mr. Watson will not give his degree bold advertisement on his title pages.

The Tenth Annual Open Tournament of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club

RESULT OF THE TOURNAMENT

Tous les chemins mènent à Rome, as all the Riviera tournaments lead to Nice! The Annual Open Tournament of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club, held in March, to decide the Championship of the South of France, is now the culminating point of the lawn tennis season on the Riviera. The San Remo, Mentone, and Monte Carlo Tournaments lead up to the Championship Meeting at Nice, and afterwards the lawn tennis season dies gently—"peters out," so to speak!—with the two hotel tournaments of the Beau-Site and Metropôle at Cannes, and finally gives up the ghost with the Marseilles Tournament at Easter. Nice is truly the Wimbledon of the Riviera.

The Tenth Annual Open Tournament of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club ended this week on the courts of the Place Mozart—those famous earth courts which justly claim to be the best of their kind in all Europe. H. L. and R. F. Doherty, Champions of England and America, have once more made a clean sweep of all the open events, and hold again, as they have held for the past seven years, the Championships of the South of France.

The best-known lawn tennis players out from England against the "cracks" were: M. J. G. Ritchie, E. R. and C. G. Allen, Dr. W. V. Eaves, C. H. L. Cazalet, and F. W. Payn; H. W. Slocum, ex-champion of the United States was also there. The absence of S. H. Smith and F. Riseley was greatly regretted: S. H. Smith very nearly wrested the Nice Cup from H. L. Doherty last year, and it was announced that he would again do battle for it this season. Dr. Eaves and C. H. L. Cazalet scratched in all events, which rather diminished the interest in the Championships and made these events even more of an "open-and-shut thing" for the Dohertys than they were before—if that were possible!

In addition to the Championships of the South, there were the usual four handicap events on the card, all of which commanded a large entry. Indeed, the entry was so large in the eight events that it took ten days to play off the Tournament: play began on Monday, March 7, and only finished on Thursday, March 17, with the presentation of prizes.

During all this time the Lawn Tennis Club has been the centre of attraction. The Tournament is quite a social function, and all Nice—and his wife!—has flocked daily to the courts. The stands erected by the Tournament Committee had a seating capacity of nearly 600, besides which were reserved seats and unlimited standing room. The situation of the courts lends itself to a successful tournament—they are built on a piece of ground intended for a public square, situated quite in the centre of the town, within a short distance of all the principal hotels. The situation cannot be called a pretty one, particularly in this land of flowers and palms, as the courts are surrounded on three sides by great houses—but it is eminently a practical one and the conditions of play are well nigh perfect: the courts are simply perfection, and the light is made excellent by a background of great canvas screens, painted dark green.

A most beautiful lot of prizes and Challenge Cups were presented, of a value of over £350. The Challenge Cups were all new ones this year. The prizes were selected by Mr. F. L. Fassitt, Vice-President of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club, and were furnished by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of London. The new £80 Challenge Cup, presented by the Municipality of Nice, to replace that won outright by Mr. H. L. Doherty last year, is a most superb work of art. The design is, more or less, Louis XVI.—*genre Ferrionière*—and the cup is in solid silver, weighing nearly twenty-five pounds. It was designed and executed by M. Gaston Triaire, of Nice, who designed the Nice Cup (see photo) won for the third time last year by H. L. Doherty. This cup represents an enormous orchid, the bowl of the cup being the *calice* of the flower, and was greatly admired. The new pair of cups for the Mixed Doubles Championship of the South of France, are also the work of Monsieur Triaire. The following gives the results, and the names of the prizewinners in the different events:

The Championships of the South of France

1. GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES. The Nice Cup. 20 entries. Won by H. L. Doherty, who beat M. J. G. Ritchie in the final by 3 sets to love, 6—2, 6—3, 6—3.

Ritchie is steadiness personified, a tremendous stayer, and one of the most useful base-line players in England, as his record shows. He played a fine game, sticking pluckily to it until the bitter end, but he was simply outclassed by Doherty who had the match in hand from start to finish. The First Prize, a beautiful flat Silver Cigarette Case with a cabochon ruby mount, was Mr. Doherty's. Mr. Ritchie received a Silver Cigar Cutter on a stand. Messrs. E. R. and C. G. Allen took Third Prizes: Silver Match Stands and Ash Tray.

2. LADIES' SINGLES. 14 entries for Silver Trophy presented by Mr. A. G. Morganstern.

This was a duel to the death between "Mrs. Adams" and Mlle. de Robiglio. The preceding week, "Mrs. Adams" had been defeated in the final of the Open Singles at Monte Carlo by Mlle de Robiglio and, presumably, she thirsted for revenge! Mlle de Robiglio is the best lady player of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club, and is the holder of the club championship this year: she is one of the youngest players in the club, not yet being seventeen years of age.

The final was played to packed stands, the crowd being very large notwithstanding the wretched weather—a perfect tornado was blowing under a leaden sky and whirlwinds of dust swept across the courts. After an awful tussle the match went to "Mrs. Adams" by the narrow majority of 8—6, 7—5, who took the First Prize: a beautiful Silver Biscuit Box. Mlle. de Robiglio's Second Prize was a silver Tea Caddy.

"Mrs. Adams" is a pseudonym which but thinly veils the identity of one of the best-known Continental players. "Mrs. Adams" has once before been champion of the South of France—in 1902.

Third Prize was won by Miss Darbyshire.

3. GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES. 8 pairs entered. For Challenge Bowls presented by Eugene Higgins, Esq. Value £60.

The Dohertys met the Allen brothers in the final. The Allens literally ran away with the first set by 6 games to 1—a most brilliant performance. The second set went to the Dohertys by 6—3, and they also secured the third set by 6—2. The Allens then retired, and the Dohertys took First Prizes: a pair of Gold Pencil Cases, presented by Eugene Higgins. The Allens received Claret Jugs, silver mounted.

4. MIXED DOUBLES. 11 pairs entered. For Challenge Cups presented by the Nice Lawn Tennis Club. Value £60.

This event resulted in a scratch. "Mrs. Adams" and R. F. Doherty were given a walk-over in the final by Miss Kentish and H. L. Doherty. The First Prizes were: (lady) Silver Coffee Service, (gentleman) Silver Block Note. Second Prizes: (lady) Pair of Silver Dishes, (gentleman) Writing Case.

Handicaps

5. GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES. 44 entries, divided into two classes.

First Class. For First Prize presented by Mr. Chas. A. Voigt. Won by E. Gwynne-Evans (+4-6ths), who beat S. Blacker-Douglas (+4-6ths) in the final by 6—3, 4—6, 6—2. A. Millet (+15 4-6ths) and Dr. P. A. Mitchell (+15 5-6ths) each took Third Prizes.

Mrs. Voigt's prize was a pair of Cut-glass Muffineers with silver-gilt mounts. Second Prize: S. Blacker-Douglas, a Crocodile Leather Cigar Case, silver mounts. Third Prizes: Silver Cigarette Boxes.

Second Class. For First Prize presented by Mrs. Doherty. Won by that veteran player, H. B. Allen (owe 15), who beat J. F. Riley (+2-6ths) in the final round by 6-1, 5-6, 8-6, giving his young opponent a comfortable handicap, and some fifty years' difference in age into the bargain. Third Prizes were won by R. Glanville (owe 15 2-6ths) and J. Chalier (+3-6ths). The prizes were the same as those in the first class.

6. GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES. For First Prizes presented by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Won by E. Warden and C. Mascha (+30) who beat Mr. J. G. Ritchie and W. Caudery (owe 15) by two sets to one: 4—6, 6—5, 6—2.

R. F. Doherty and the Allen Brothers

From a photograph taken on the Nice Courts

The Twin Brothers, E. R. and C. G. Allen, Second in the Gentlemen's Doubles Championship Played at Nice

The First Prizes were a handsome pair of Silver Cased Travelling clocks, with electric light attachments. Second Prizes: Flat Silver Cigarette Cases. Third Prizes, won by C. E. and E. R. Allen (owe 15), and S. Blacker-Douglas and Count de Robiglio (owe 2-6ths), were four Silver Mounted Walking Sticks.

7. MIXED DOUBLES. For prizes offered by the Nice Lawn Tennis Club.

Won by Mlle. de Robiglio and W. Caudery (owe 4-6ths), who beat Mlle. and W. de Gladky (+15 2-6ths) in straight sets, 6—4, 6—3. First prize, lady, large silver toilet mirror; gentleman, champagne jug, silver mounts. Second prizes, lady, heart-shaped silver bonbonnière, gentleman, large silver flask. Miss A. G. Ransome and S. Blacker-Douglas (0) and Mr. and Mrs. Glanville (+15 3-6ths) took third prizes: ladies, silver photo frames; gentlemen, silver-mounted inkstands.

8. LADIES' SINGLES. For prizes offered by the Nice Lawn Tennis Club.

Won by Miss Vera Warden (+2-6ths), who beat Countess von Brockdorf (+15 3-6ths) by 6—4, 6—4. The first prize was a pair of silver candlesticks; second prize, silver salt-cellars in case. Miss Bruce-Johnson and Miss Miles won third prizes, two pairs of silver vases.

9. EIGHT UMPIRES' PRIZES were awarded by vote of the players to the best umpires, having umpired the greatest number of matches. They were presented to M. Palagi, Messrs. R. Glanville, B. E. Harwood, W. Caudery, Count de Robiglio, A. Millet, C. G. Allen, and E. Gwynne-Evans.

The presentation of prizes was a great social function, and the verandahs of the club house were crowded by a smartly dressed throng on Thursday, March 17. The prizes were to have been distributed by the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who graciously promised to come over from Cannes for that purpose. S. A. I. was unfortunately ill with a bad cold, and wired from Cannes that she would be unable to come.

The prizes were distributed by M. Paul Bounin, one of the vice-presidents of the Nice Lawn Tennis Club, who made the neat speech which the occasion called for. Then there was a general exodus of players, and the courts were deserted, except by those players knocked out in the preliminary rounds, who were showing each other how they "might have won"!

Chauffeurs

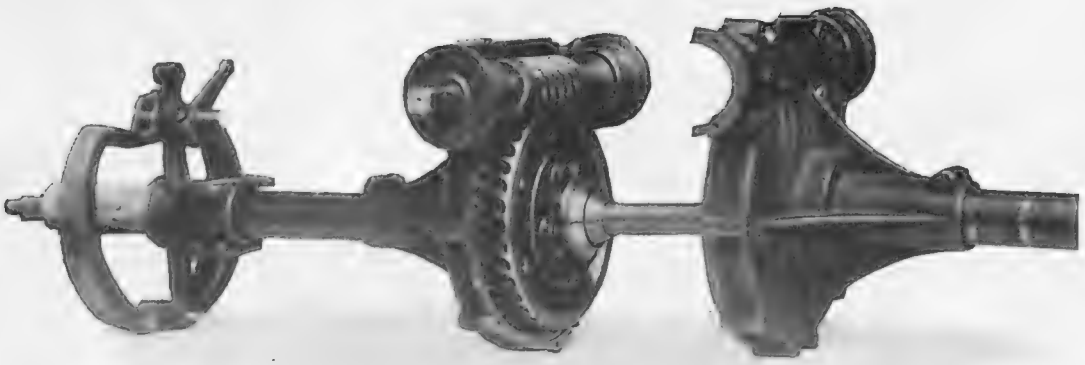
Owing to the pre-eminence in the past of our Gallic neighbours in every branch of the automobile industry, it has so far been deemed necessary to dub the driver of any motor-vehicle *chauffeur*, but for the future it appears that motorman is to be his correct style and title, and perhaps we may do well for a moment or two to muse over his attributes as well. It is not, as a general rule, the purchasing of the motor-car that is the supremest difficulty. Most of us, as a matter of fact, manage somehow or other to scratch together the pocketful of coins which fetch it, like many other *desiderata*, to our front door; the initial cost does not scare us so much as we once thought it would—no—but what we lie awake and think about at nights is, "*What* is going to be the cost to make it go?" The driver is the crux of the matter. What will his wages be, will he be as comfortable a man to have in the house as the old coachman, how will he get on with the cook, can he eat New Zealand mutton, will he be agreeable to the maids? These are all questions for the ordinary dweller in the country to take seriously to heart, and they should be carefully pondered by him who contemplates forsaking the constantly ailing, but noble quadruped, for the more up-to-date "buzzer," lest he perchance fall out of the frying-pan full grievously on to the glowing coals

"Fitters" v. Drivers

The mistake is very generally made in this wise. First, and foremost, it is generally assumed that what is wanted chiefly, in connection with a motor-car, is a "fitter," as a skilled mechanic may be usually termed, who wants fitter's wages and who may, and probably does, belong to the Society of Amalgamated Engineers, whereas the proper person to be sought (and when found, grappled to one's car with hooks of steel), is quite another individual, the careful, sympathetic, and intelligent *driver*. No respectable modern car nowadays "breaks down" in the machinery. You may drive every day for a month and not come across one "stranded," except on account of tyres, which require no skill, but only hard manual

Photo by **The Largest Automobile in the World** [*Brangs*

This giant motor has 200 h.-p., and is capable of attaining a speed of 180 kilomètres (111·78 miles) per hour, and was built for Miss Hockenzuhl, an American lad.



The Dennis Worm Drive

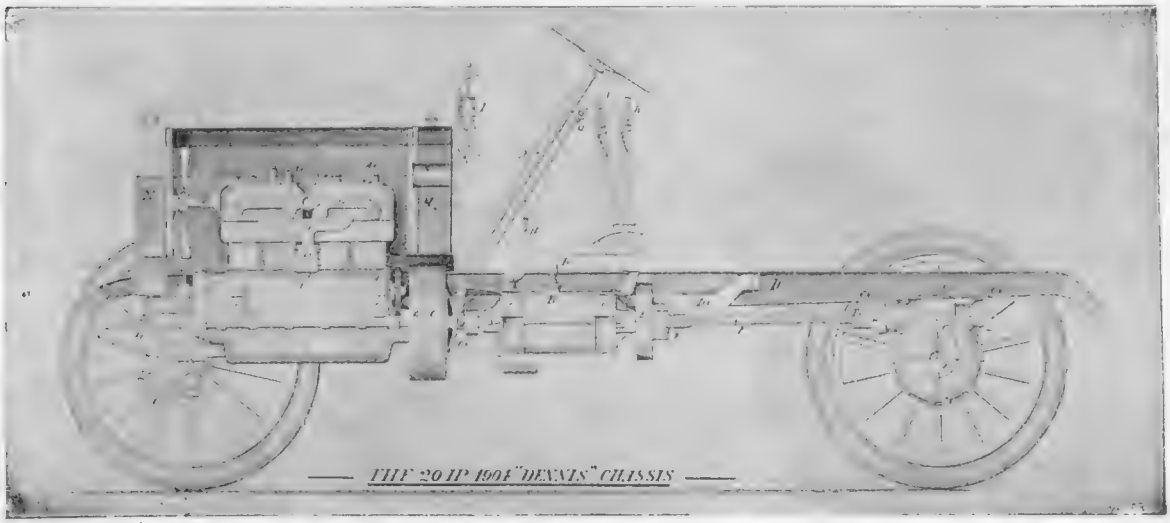
labour to put right. If, by some mischance a bad smashup should occur in the engine, the aforesaid "fitter" cannot put it right, and it has to go to the repair shop just the same, where others tinker at it, while your own looks on and you pay. Minor adjustments require but little skill; anybody can do them, and the ordinary intelligent youth, after a very few weeks' tuition, not only keeps all in working order but takes an absolute pride in keeping everything tuned up to concert pitch. How many of our famous drivers have served their apprenticeships in engineers' workshops? The finest driver I know is the son of a watchmaker, and it is very seldom indeed that he has ever let me take my car inside a repair shop, without he pretty promptly had it out again.

The Youth

Under the new Act I had to have a youth of seventeen, so advertised in the *Motor-Car Journal*, and had fifty-seven replies, nearly all satisfactory, including one who had been for two years cleaning a steam roller, and so thought he could deal with a motor-car, as likely enough he might in quite a short time. I selected a youth of some little experience, who lives in the house, valets me, polishes the car all the morning, drives it all the afternoon, gets Sunday off, when I drive myself, and is perfectly satisfied with fifteen shillings a week, with food and clothes. All this, indeed, connotes simplicity in the engine; but these lines are penned obviously, not for those desirous of exploiting the ultra-complicated modern vehicle, but for such among motor pilgrims who are themselves both simple and modest in their desires.

The Worm Drive

So long as the "live axle" method of propelling the driving wheels is adhered to, so long is it a necessity that the power coming from the shaft running longitudinally to the frame must be transmitted to the transverse axle at right angles. Bevel gear, which is the meeting of two cog-wheels at right angles to each other, has, so far, been considered the only solution of the proposition, but in this method there is a very considerable amount of side thrust which has to be reckoned with. Messrs. Dennis, of Guildford, have boldly broken away from this principle (which, had it been perfect as often alleged, they would doubtless have retained), and have now adopted, in their standard 20 h.-p. cars, the "worm and screw" drive, as illustrated, in which the worm pinion is held on each side by two phosphor bronze bearings, both pinion and wheel being of hardened steel and running in oil. This method of drive has been tested for over 15,000 miles with the most satisfactory results, and an efficiency of 90 to 95 per cent. by this system is, on the authority of Messrs. D. Brown, of Huddersfield, the experts in this particular line, attained, which is far superior to the bevel gearing. This new departure is certain to attract a great deal of attention. C. G. Matson.



A Diagrammatic Sketch of the Working Parts of the New "Dennis" 20 h.-p. Car, Showing the Arrangement of the Worm Drive which Forms the Feature of this Machine

COUNTY FOOTBALL AT HASTINGS: SUSSEX v. ESSEX

SUSSEX WON BY THREE GOALS TO TWO

A Good Run by the Essex Outside Left, Who Kicked a Good Centre, which, however, was Eventually Shot Behind

Photos by *Breach*

A Hot Time in Front of the Essex Goal, which Ended in Sussex Making their First Score

The Connoisseur.

PEWTER, OLD AND NEW

(Continued from last issue)

Familiar Tokens

Although there are no hall marks or date letters on old pewter such as aid the collector of gold and silver plate, there are signs by which you may know, and marks and touches which will become familiar to the enthusiastic student. In 1503 there was an Act of Parliament granted which gave the Pewterers' Company powers to suppress abuses in the trade and enforced the use of the maker's mark or touch plates upon their productions. This Act, says Mr. Redman, was in force three hundred years. As regards English productions, the first charter was granted to the Pewterers' Company in 1473, but at Clifford's Inn may be seen many earlier examples, especially notable being a collection of spoons of which one is as early as the thirteenth century, when the craft was already losing its first youth.

When Pewter Came into Use

It was not perhaps until the sixteenth century that pewter could be said to be in any general use in Europe. At that time vessels of wood—of which there are a few interesting examples in this exhibition——on the one hand, and gold and silver on the other, shared the field with pewter. As the compounding of the metal improved, and the fact that it did not injuriously affect food was realised, it grew in favour, and passed in time from the houses of the great to those middle classes who were then forming. Seventeenth century tavern pots, and English, German, and Flemish flagons of that period are well represented at Clifford's Inn, but the main display is of early eighteenth century work. In going through this collection, the poorness of the decoration—save as regards such armorial and conventional designs as those on the seventeenth century plate, with the arms of the Graf Von Sulz—is very apparent. For example, the food bottle of 1672 is unworthy of its great period, and does little credit to the taste of Hans Schneider and Anna, his wife, whose names are upon it. Decoratively speaking, antique pewter is of little value, especially when massed. The effluence of time has lent the large platters some beauty of colour, and the early work is rich in historical association; but when most interesting historically, the examples were barbaric, and when most ably designed, the same shapes were better produced in Sheffield plate. We see, in the pursuit of pewter, that regrettable passion for the old merely for the sake of its age, whereas age without beauty, to the connoisseur, is an idle boast. There is one piece, however, in this collection which every appreciator of art would wish to possess. It is a tea-caddy, presumably of the early eighteenth century, of beautiful decoration; it is, of course, Chinese, and therefore instinct with artistic feeling. Passing over many examples purely of historical or sociological interest—such as the trite port-wine strainer, and the platitudinous

Modern Pewter Loving Cup

candlesticks—there are some remarkably well-shaped double and single eared bowls, called, we think without reason, bleeding bowls, an interesting haggis-dish, and some old Scottish Tappit-hens. A regimental cup from Sevastopol reminds us that pewter was still largely used in 1855. The snuff-boxes here collected show the usual eighteenth century taste in this class of work in rather a crude and vulgar form. But there is one box decorated with a design of partridges in yellow metal, which has some æsthetic value. As one passes out of the Hall there are a wall Lavabo and cistern, lent by Mr. de Navarro, such as are not often seen in England, and a notice, to which the attendant sharply calls your attention, that no sketching or photographing will be allowed within the building. This last exhibit is probably owing to the fact that the director of the Show and founder of the feast, Mr. Massé, is about to publish an illustrated catalogue, which will contain many drawings and rubbings. This should form an invaluable guide to all those amateurs of the craft who would completely ground themselves in the subject, and pursue it through all the ramifications of its manufacture, until at last all details and mysteries are lain bare to them, and they reach to the knowledge, as it were, of the ultimate tool.

A Modern Pewter Flower Bowl

Crowded with the loose glories of, say, a double handful of Malmaisons, it would well deserve its pretty motto—"*and the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, and the musk of the rose is blown*"

New Crafts for Old

We cannot hope for the return of the *age d'or*, but it would seem that the renaissance of the pewter age is upon us. If one turns from the study of old work to the consideration of the new as given in Messrs. Liberty's "Tudric" productions, which we have mentioned as at the Grafton, the result is distinctly pleasing. Mr. ffoulkes suggests, in a note on the subject, that the

> Future uses of this new pewter for domestic purposes are practically innumerable, and, with the exception of spoons and forks, it can be used in place of electro-plate save only where it would come in contact with great heat. Its name, "Tudric," gives us a key to an aim and purpose—the encouragement and maturing of an art that is purely national, something that will speak for itself as the indigenous product of our own country. For, while not neglecting the commercial aspects of their new venture, the exhibitors are endeavouring to combine with them an artistic ideal of which they may well be proud.

In many examples here the metal possesses a soft lustre and colour rivalling silver. The use of the iridescent beauties of the pearl shell have often been employed with admirable effect by the designers, whose names we should like to know, of the best pieces. Copper and decorative stones, such as matrix of turquoise, *lapis-lazuli*, or Connemara stone are used with excellent results in many designs, giving a note of colour and a rich air which is very welcome. Unfortunately, the exquisite decorative effects obtainable by the use of coloured enamels—now so generally applied to silver and gold—is not directly possible in regard to pewter. The metal melts at a lower heat than enamel; but, of course, this enrichment can be used in the form of applied panels if it appears to be an advantage.

Our illustrations of the Loving Cup, with its effective and simple ornament of the symbolic plant "Honesty," and of the tea caddy with its pleasant lines, well-placed decoration, and cleverly managed reflected lights, are typical examples of this new industry and the lines on which it is intended to conduct it.

Modern Tea Caddy

One failure we consider Messrs. Liberty's designers have encountered, and that is in their attempt to give some new interest to that difficult affair—the clock of everyday use. Without exception, those examples shown are disappointing.

To say more on this head would be ungrateful in connection with an exhibition which gives so many æsthetic pleasures as the present show at the Grafton.

Beyond the Pewter, there are many interesting designs in jewellery, and many beautiful pieces of plate. But these are other stories. They deserve the title of "Apples of gold in pictures of silver"—and another article. To-day Pewter is the only ware. E. M.

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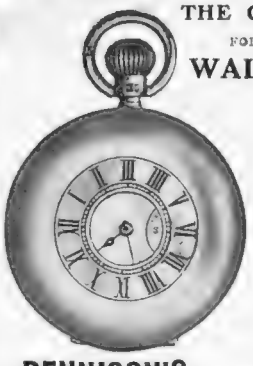

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Fashionable Facts and Fancies

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Let me make full and frank confession at the outset. I do not propose to undertake the doughty task of filling these columns, especially dedicated to feminine frivolities, each week alone. So have enlisted in the cause a collaborateur—one young, it is true, but infinitely knowledgeable—who will aid me in observation,and enliven the situation by discussion. But, as she declines altogether to have her real name handed down to posterity—a prophetic sentiment, by the way, that speaks volumes as to the longevity of THE BYSTANDER—I propose to hide her retiring identity under the fictitious name of Ambrosine. Like the other Ambrosine, of novel fame, she is full of reflections, these being chiefly concentrated for the moment on millinery.

We have hats small and large, toques, wide and narrow, Tricornes of the Directoire period, together with flat picturesque "bergères" affairs, directly reminiscent, in colour as well as form, of the Marie Antoinette, and the mushroom of the early sixties. Now, I ask you in the name of all that is sensible, where is the reason in this "pot pourri?" Not that I would for a moment decry such admirable catholicity of style; a plethora of choice is ever an ill we can cheerfully put up with, although it complicates matters a little for the poor fashion chronicler.

Apropos of the above-mentioned mushroom, if any one style can be said to lead a scintillation, then it is this. A mushroom rendered modish, however, according to latter-day canons, through the medium of a bandeau, lacking which it is conceivable the shape might express dowdiness—an unforgiveable sin as we go at present. Myself, I consider it is a style that asks to be lived up to in every detail of the toilette, the wearer exhaling that indefinable air of *chic* which at once dispels every doubt as to the correctness and general desirability of a vogue.

But I have nevertheless grave doubts, despite the persuasions of Ambrosine—who, strong in youth's best graces, is prepared to dare any departure—as to the acceptance of strings with ear rosettes, a detail that certain enterprising pioneers are trying to persuade us to accept. Before the relics of babydom one is justified in drawing a line. But, really, one never knows what point of view La Mode will not induce us to adopt, so, despite my present attitude of protest, I should not like to undertake that, given certain conditions, I shall hold out for all time. Meanwhile, there is a very bewilderment of choice in ruches, the loveliest shaded concoctions these, meandering round low-crowned picture shapes, and the inevitable French sailor, which it seems as though, like the poor, we are to have always with us. Very assuredly has the flowing veil given this vogue a fresh lease of life, and we would, at the same time, beg you note how the correct "marin" boasts an upturned brim carried distinctly deeper and closer at the back than elsewhere, a concession, doubtless, to the adjustment of the veil, the ends whereof are gathered there in artistic disarray.

And the veil is verily omnipotent. Indeed, on many of the most correct chapeaux it is the Alpha and Omega, so to say, of the whole creation, yards of Chantilly lace floating down the back, with an extra length for the front, this last, according to the latest edict, reaching quite to the waist. The short bird-cage variety is already relegated to the populace—the vogue, it is to be remarked, that the people love invariably dies young—it was never quite the prettiest thing at best, and demanded always for its perfect

Drawn by *H. M. Dalton*

A New Shawl-Shaped Mantcau

conduct, moderate sized brims of even depth all round. Anything more pathetic than one of these full veils lop-sided it would be difficult to imagine, although it is not quite clear to me, where Ambrosine finds her analogy to a tired retriever. The thought, nevertheless, appears to give her infinite pleasure.

Speaking of millinery reminds me to hint that an exceptionally excellent display prevails at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, where several distinctively novel details have been initially privileged to greet the light of fashionable indulgence. Great emphasis is being laid on some large padded jet bobs, delightfully decorative addenda, that we remarked doing admirable duty on a real white lace toque of the narrow projecting order, and again on a black lace, lining, to the brim of a white Tuscan mushroom, where the bobs served to hold the exuberance of the lace in subjection.

A Charming Foulard Frock
Sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's by H. M. Dallas

As it chanced, though, millinery had nothing directly to do with this special visit of ours to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, which was made in the cause of a charming foulard frock pictured here. An early hint of summer, this is a charming scheme of white and shaded pale green—"salade vert," as the French are designating the particular nuance—spots, the whole tempered by an infinitesimal black spot on the white ground. Down the front of the skirt, which is modishly bouillonnée and flowing at the feet, there is introduced a narrow panel of rather coarse white lace, laid over black satin, a theme that is very extensively elaborated in the corsage, where the lace performs the requisite long-shoulder effect, and an effective treillage of black satin is disposed across the front, softened by two large choux of white chiffon, and a soft black satin ribbon sash putting the finishing touch to a genuine little gem of modistic talent.

We were, however, quite an appreciable time exhausting the delights of this confection, and I subsequently left Ambrosine absorbed in the semi-contemplation of a perfectly "delicious" apricot mousseline taffetas, all tiny tucks and ravishing guimped ruchings, a veritable Victorian relic, and the ideal frock for Ranelagh and the like representative rendezvous, while I succumbed at once and for ever before the seductions of an ivory lace dress, the loveliest, filmiest lace *bien entendu*, like a cobweb, enhanced by a bold appliqué of equally fine black lace, and an effective design of black paillettes, the latter raised in high relief. Essentially a demi-toilette, this confection holds immediate claim to our consideration, since the demi-toilette, tardy of coming, has at last arrived to stay, thanks to the encouragement granted it by restaurant life.

For one of the unfortunately postponed Courts, we were graciously privileged to behold a supremely exclusive model, a creation of the new chameleon taffeta, a *changeant* weave, as the name denotes, in this instance of delicate mauves melting into equally faint pinks, with now and again the slightest flash of green; the whole powdered lightly with silver paillettes, and bearing a light artistic embroidery of opalesce sequins pearl beads above the deep flounce which concluded the story of the jupe. Of the corsage, one can only say it was simplicity itself, the décolletage melting into foams of soft chiffon, an almost imperceptible green laid over invisible pink, a touch, very "imprévu," occurring in the little puffed sleeves of cream spotted net, these again resolving into bouffants of the *changeant* chiffon.

But a description, however carefully and lightly drawn, seems to immediately vulgarise a dress so essentially a dream, as is this. And I am reminded, moreover, by Ambrosine, that we had promised ourselves to relate, what seems to be only very slightly recognised over here as yet, that the fabrics of the most approved genre are flowered. Beautiful printed textures, presented under new and consequently bewildering titles, such as Alsace, Chantilly, etc., but which may be translated as voiles, voile de laine, mousseline de

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soie, and soie de linon. On these are a thousand flowerets flung tout à fait séduisante—how one instinctively flies to the more expressive French language under pressure of description—and we may prepare ourselves for some sensational developments, particularly in the matter of harmonies.

The new, or, rather, the old lavender revived, has already secured a first place in this scheme, allied to green of the salade vert genre. An irresistible vert, too, is artichoke, dark and a little sad but wholly artistic, and, obviously, prepared at any moment to rival the erstwhile ubiquitous emerald in securing a popular run of favour. Ambrosine and I were quite captivated by its appearance, employed as facings to a long, loose Chinois theatre wrap, of delicate biscuit cloth, we encountered at Prince's Restaurant the other evening. Silently we both treasured up vows to own its replica at the earliest possible date, although we were quite embarrassed by modistic riches that evening, for Prince's as a supper rendezvous is more than ever the vogue again. The rooms are so light, and airy, and spacious, and the culinary department so excellently well done. An unknown —I'll wager an American—wore a genuine Mandarin coat, in that curious dull, brick red—one always exclusively associates with Eastern races—brocade, lined through and thrown back with a great collar of chinchilla. Only the belonging of a multi-millionaire could have dared such regality, so we let it pass without any useless longings after the unobtainable.

Much more within the province of an impoverished English purse is our original design, pictured on our first page, of the fashionable shawl-shaped manteau, a graceful thing, of long elegant draperies, expressed in any of the delicate neutral tinted *souple* cloths, and offered directly, in view of the approaching season with its fray of ephemeral frocks, whose delicacy will be assuredly preserved beneath such a light clinging wrap. This, or a like possession will, we believe, assume an imperative air immediately we are fairly launched in the vortex of seasonable doings and dresses.

A Sporting Supplement

Our Supplement, this week, consisting of illustrations of the 'Varsity Boat Race and Sports, is proof, if any is needed, that the original claim made by THE BYSTANDER to be read and appreciated, modestly worded as it was, is being firmly adhered to. The size of the paper, the numerous illustrations, and a certain magazine element, are characteristics which we have been able to preserve, while at the same time the latest and most topical events have been dealt with. The Supplement, this week, is a case in point. By following the ordinary routine of the weekly papers we should have been unable to present to our readers on Tuesday anything like an illustrated record of events on the preceding Saturday. Accordingly we made special and exclusive arrangements with photographers, which enabled us to prepare a fully illustrated Supplement on a subject which has ever been one of the leading features of this paper—Sport.

MR. AITCHISON'S "Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 3: "SHORT SIGHT, or Myopia"

Myopia, or short sight, is said to be one of the penalties of civilisation, and it has been asserted that "the noble savage in his native wilds" is not afflicted with short sight. Be this as it may, we cannot ignore the fact that short sight is not only with us, but is rapidly increasing, owing, I presume, a great deal to the extra study and close book-work imposed upon our children by the present system of cramming for competitive examinations. There is one consolation about it, however, and that is, short sight can, by means of proper spectacles or eyeglasses, be more accurately corrected than any other defect, and if taken in time the defect can not only be prevented from getting worse, but can be reduced by the careful periodical adjustment of the glasses to the changes in the condition of the eyes.

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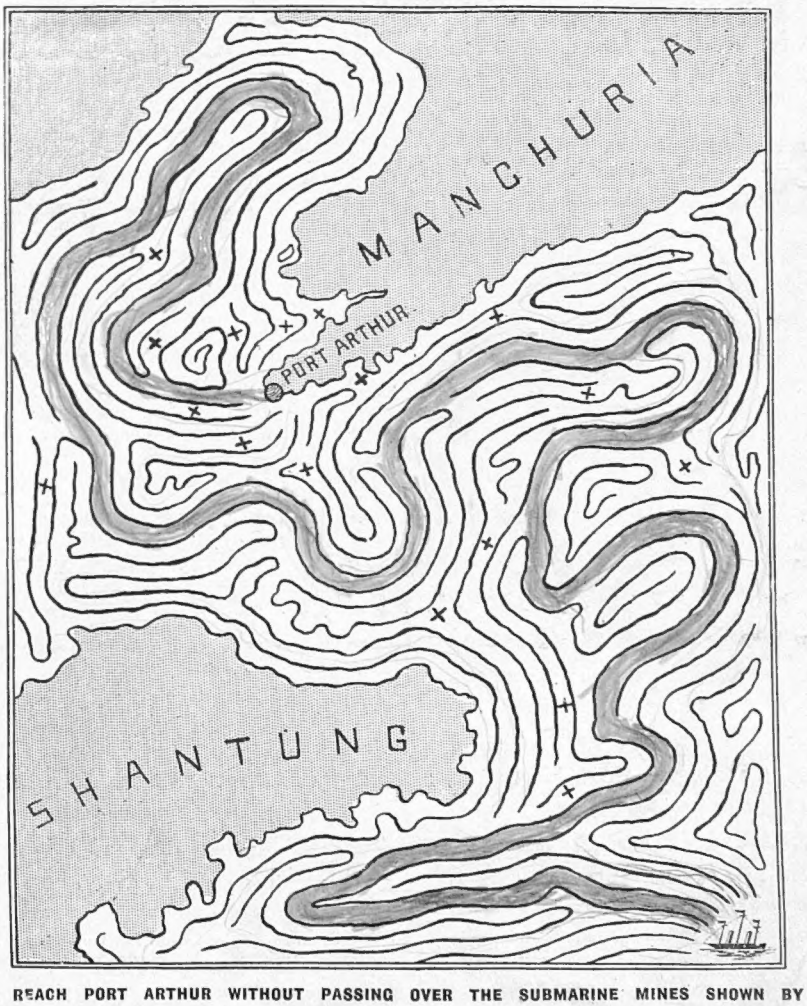

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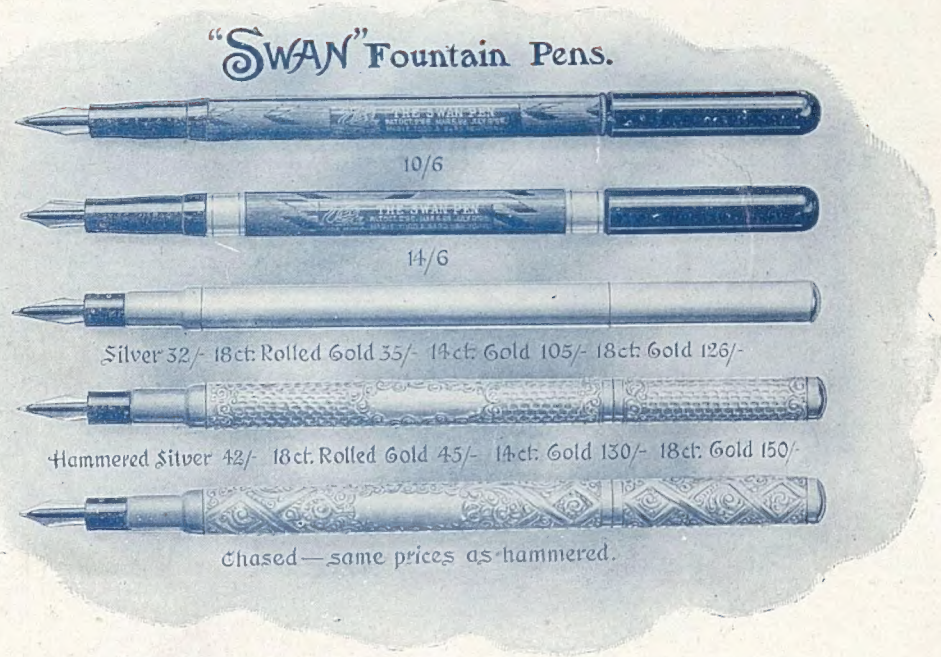

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